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By Royal Command

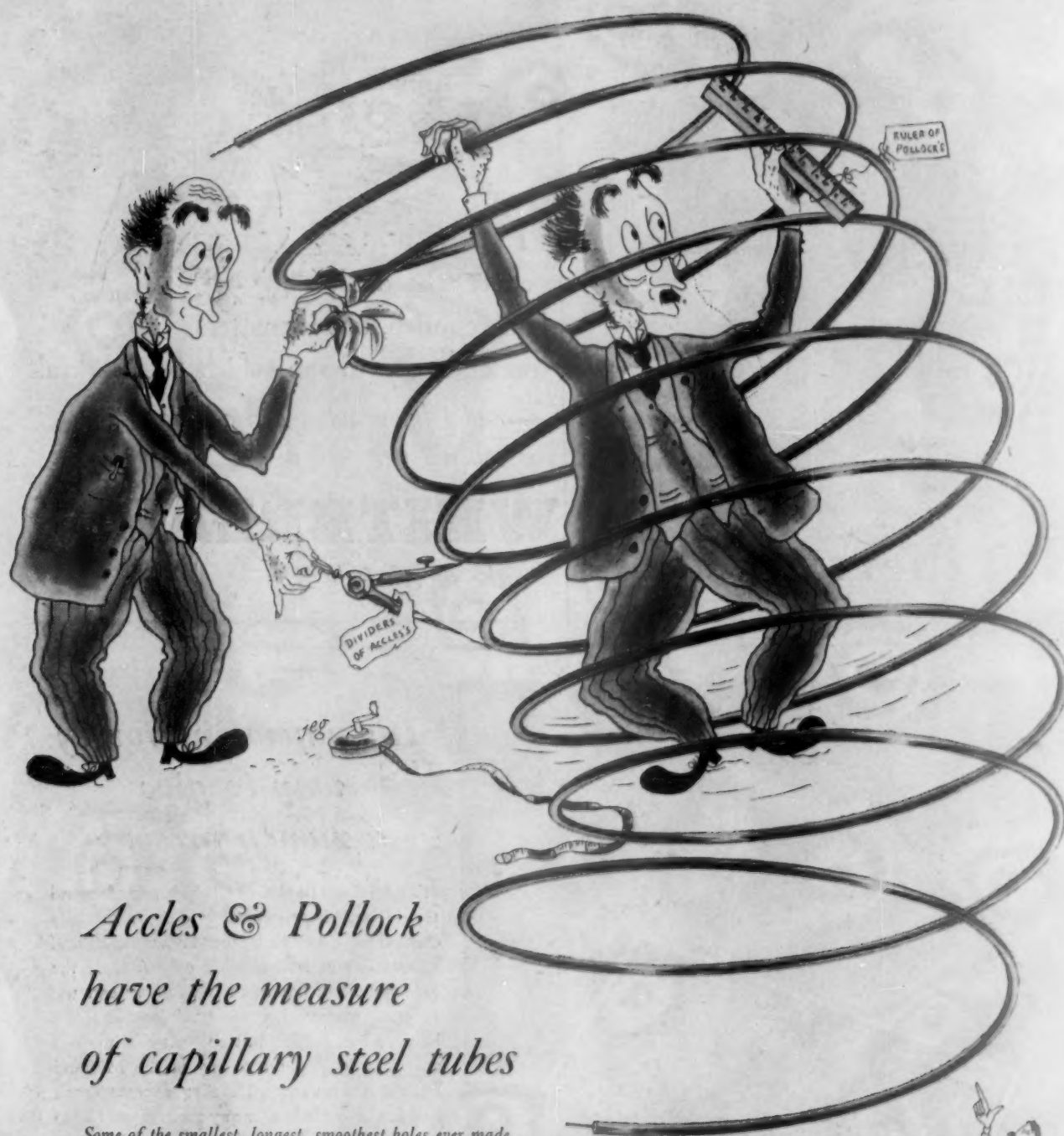
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cigarettes for Virginia smokers

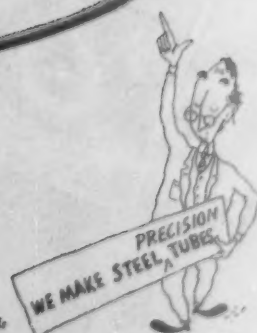
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Drawing from life of a man with a clue, specially commissioned by the House of Whitbread from

A. S. G. -



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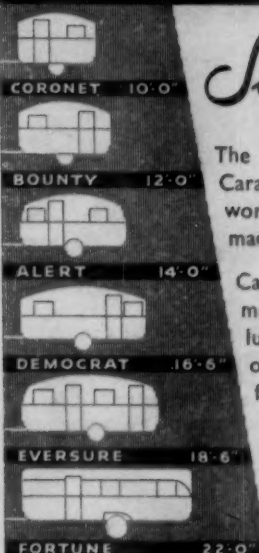
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explained the chief accountant.

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"Some calculations was my expression sir.

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Come work, come play, through the busiest day keep well ahead of weariness with a long cool drink of Robinson's Squash. There's a glucose 'genie' in every bottle bringing you new energy for old, putting back spent vitality when you need it—and as you like it.

Glucose is the quick-acting energy restorer. Tones you up when you're tired . . . makes you lively when you're limp. You can taste the fruit—you can tell the difference . . . for Robinson's Squash is the SWEETER Squash!



Before you say

SQUASH—say

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3/- ORANGE LEMON
GRAPEFRUIT

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

CVS-28



Underwater Focus

—on the latest camera case for photography underwater. This is made of clear perspex, thoroughly watertight with external controls for shutter release, film wind etc.—flash gear can be incorporated. These cases are constructed to order for all types of still or cine cameras, prices ranging from £21.

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What couldn't I do to a Double Diamond!



Well done, sir!

**A DOUBLE
DIAMOND**
works wonders

Handsome hair when you check Dry Scalp



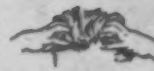
YOU'LL never have handsome hair so long as you suffer from Dry Scalp.

Check Dry Scalp with just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic massaged gently into the scalp each morning. This stimulates the flow of the natural oils and helps oil-starved roots. Soon it will have that naturally well-groomed look.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a unique blend of the finest natural oils; that's why it does so much for the hair. It contains no drying spirit. Buy a bottle today—it costs only 2/6, or 3/9 for double the quantity.



Dry, scruffy hair that looks a mess? That's a sign you're suffering from Dry Scalp. Start now to check Dry Scalp by massaging daily with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.



Just twenty seconds daily massage and see the difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils and keeps hair naturally handsome all day.



Vaseline® HAIR TONIC

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

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Income Tax paid **2½%** by the Society
per annum

Equal to 4.6.11 per cent to investors
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'Viyella' Longsox 7/9

*Self-supporting.
Nylon-spliced
at toes and heels.
Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
comfort.*



Viyella
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*Nylon for
toes and heels.
'Viyella' for
health and
comfort.*



takes care

'Viyella' Gamesox 5/9

*Ankle-length.
Self-supporting.
Refreshingly cool
in the hottest
of weather.*



of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE

What's 'PLUS' about the Fordham?



Patent Nos.
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It is 'Plus Four' special features

1. Perfect weight distribution
2. Finger-light control
3. Unobstructed pocket space
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OR SPORTS DEALERS TO-DAY

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON

£6.10.0
with white
low-pressure tyres
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The Channel Air Bridge for the Motorist

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	Single				Single		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
MOTOR CARS				BAGGAGE TRAILERS			
Up to 12 ft. 6 in.	7	5	0	Up to 6 ft. overall length			
12 ft. 6 in. to 13 ft. 6 in.	10	0	0	including towbar.	3	5	0
13 ft. 6 in. to 14 ft. 6 in.	13	0	0	Exceeding 6 ft.—15s. per			
14 ft. 6 in. to 15 ft. 6 in.	15	10	0	foot or part thereof.			
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MOTOR CYCLES				Are charged on overall length in-			
Solo up to 250 c.c.	2	5	0	cluding towbar at the same rates			
Solo over 250 c.c.	3	0	0	as for motor cars.			
Combinations	3	15	0				
Auto-Cycles or Scooters	1	5	0				
Pedal Cycles—ordinary	7	6					
Including Power Assisted				RETURN FARES ARE			
Tandem	10	0		DOUBLE THE SINGLE			
Extra if fitted with sidecar	7	6		FARES IN ALL CASES			

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ADULTS	Single	£2 16 0
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Children over 2 years but under 12 years 50 per cent reduction. Children under 2 years—No charge.

Supplementary freight . . . Fourpence per kilo

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Britvic stands supreme among fruit juices . . . without question the world's finest for purity and sheer goodness. It is made by Britvic's own methods, only from fruits selected specially for their juiciness and particular flavour.

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PURE FRUIT JUICES

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66 sacks high!

These are paper sacks—Medway multi-walls—stored 66 sacks high without damage to the bottom-most sack or its contents! This is an example of actual usage which shows the strength of a Medway multi-wall! Tough and rugged, there's a Medway sack for every purpose. Manufactured in their millions from Aylesford Kraft by the Medway Paper Sacks Ltd., Division of the Reed Paper Group, they are one more instance of the service which the Group renders to British Industry.

*There is no better Kraft than
REED'S AYLESFORD KRAFT made in
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ABROAD

SCHWEPPSYLVANIAN ALBUM TAKEN ON VACATION



MOOSE CREEK



NEW SCHWEPPSICO



AT HOME



FAIRLY NATIVE ISLAND



EDINBURGH SCHWEPPSIVAL



GULF OF TOUGH-GOING

Who would think, to look at the absolutely ordinary Schweppsyvian at home (centre) that he could be equally utterly ordinary, in fact a true Schweppsopolitan, everywhere else, impossible to spot in the capitals of the Western World (top left) where, as he points out, everybody dresses like everybody else anyhow. He is equally one of the people in the outlying playgrounds of Schweppsylvania itself, so that, as it is easy to see, he is at home all over, never giving away the fact that he is not a true native, not to say actually aboriginal, and leaving no unpleasant impression that he is on holiday, still less suggesting, by hint or implication, that he is there to enjoy himself.

Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by Loudon Sainthill

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



Take a Sobranie Virginia and light up: in its smoke clouds there are castles of contentment, through its smoke rings you see a rosier world, and to achieve its full yet mild flavour three generations of one gifted family have contributed their genius and their hereditary skill Sobranie Virginia are not ordinary cigarettes; they are deliberately made to meet the exacting requirements of the connoisseur—and to delight both you and the choosiest of your smoking companions.

Sobranie Virginia

STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES

IN TINS OF TWENTY

SOBRANIE LIMITED 136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1

Firestone EXPERIENCE COUNTS

...in the tread

That's where Firestone's greater tyre-experience can be felt in non-skid grip and driving-confidence.

...in the carcass

That's the heart of a Firestone tyre—tougher and better able to stand gruelling treatment because of Firestone's proved leadership in tyre designing and construction.

...in the sidewall

That's the part which takes the weight. Firestone's superior construction techniques bond the rubber and fabric into a stronger flexible tyre—better for running, better for cornering, better for braking.

Firestone

TYRES

TUBED OR TUBELESS—CONSISTENTLY GOOD



Equals nearly **54%** To the Investor
Subject to Tax at 8/6 in the £
EASY WITHDRAWAL
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NO DEPRECIATION

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All Fire Extinguishers look alike.
Please tell us why NU-SWIFT
are so much better—
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

Name

Address

Post to Fire-Swift Ltd, 25 Piccadilly W.1.
—AHEAD OF THE FIRE FIEND'S VISIT!

In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

"The Best of the Bunch"

MACKENZIE'S



For over one hundred years Mackenzie's have been shipping the finest Sherry and Port.

"Fino Perla" Sherry, an ideal aperitif, delights the eye with its glorious golden hue and charms the palate with its subtle, pleasing flavour.

"Regal" Tawny Port is a wine of character renowned for its mellow, heartening quality.



'Fino Perla' Sherry—'Regal' Tawny Port
MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO

NEW-BORN



only to suffer?

In the bustle of farm life discomfort, hurt and sometimes cruelty can easily befall a bewildered little calf. Often it is whisked, day-old, away from its mother (against N.F.U. recommendations) and bundled into some dark conveyance. Deprived of the only food and comfort it knows it goes to be slaughtered. You can help the R.S.P.C.A. to combat cruelty by sending a donation or displaying a collecting box. Please write to The Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. (Dept. P.), 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Remember the
R S P C A



Quick work—well done
Imperial
typewriters



Sparking plugs between the beetle

In the old proverbial phrase, the beetle was a mallet, and the block was where the work was pounded. We have used the expression to draw your attention to the two main dangers that can mar the performance of sparking plugs: overheating, which causes pre-ignition; and fouling, which allows the high-tension current to leak away across the insulator. Pre-ignition wastes power and petrol and puts unnecessary loads on bearings and in serious cases 'running on' when the ignition is switched off. To avoid these troubles, your plugs must have a 'heat value' that suits your engine *exactly*. Hot engines need plugs with *high* heat values. Cool engines need plugs



with *low* heat values. But the right heat value for a particular engine is also determined partly by the age and condition of the engine and by how it is normally driven. K.L.G. offer you the most complete range of different heat values with the smallest steps between one plug and the next. Each K.L.G. type symbol includes a number, which is low if the heat value of the plug is low, and high if the heat value is high. Thus, the FE20 plug has a low heat value, the FE50 a medium heat value, and the FE80 a high heat value. These type numbers make it a safe and simple matter for your garage to select for you the K.L.G. plug that will be **EXACTLY THE RIGHT PLUG FOR YOUR ENGINE.** Price 5/-

and the block

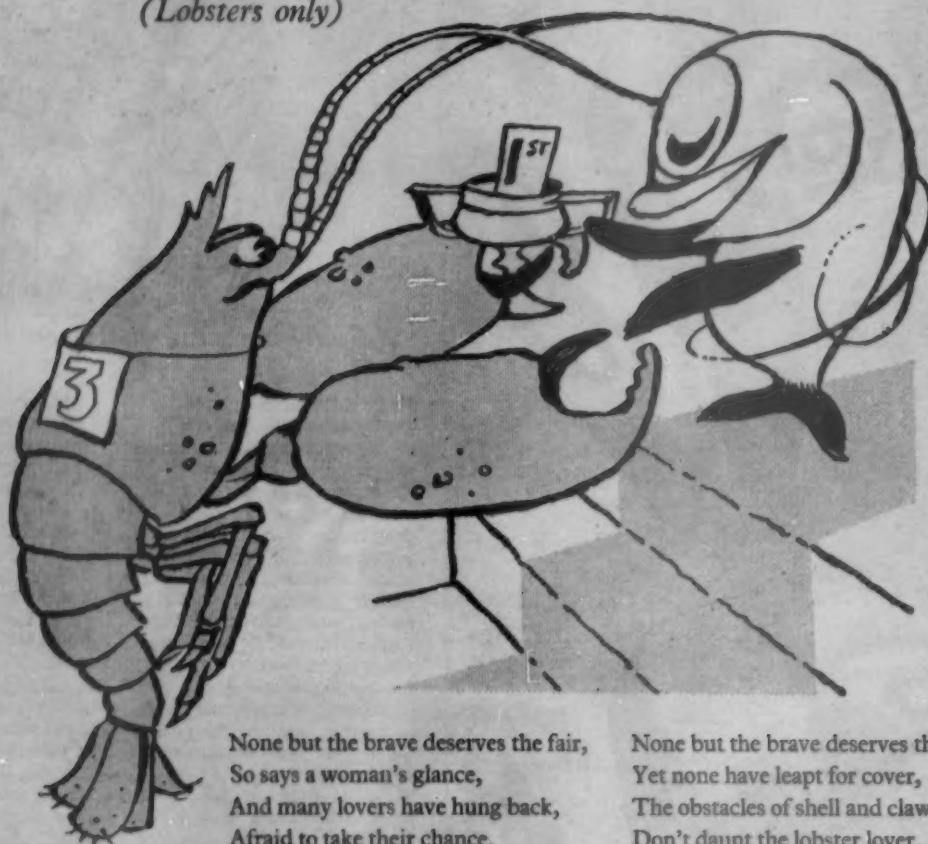


K.L.G. sparking plugs
one of **SMITHS** accessories for better motoring

The Whispering Fish spots a winner

L'obstercle Race

(Lobsters only)



None but the brave deserves the fair,
So says a woman's glance,
And many lovers have hung back,
Afraid to take their chance.

None but the brave deserves the fare,
Yet none have leapt for cover,
The obstacles of shell and claw
Don't daunt the lobster lover.

HOMARD A LA CRÈME *(Allow half a lobster for each person)*

Cut the lobster in pieces across, and fry them in butter. Moisten with thin seasoned cream, and cook for a quarter of an hour. Take out the pieces, shell them, remove the flesh from the claws and legs, and put it all

in a timbale. Add to the cooking liquor a certain amount of thick cream, reduce it until it reaches the right thickness, finish with a little burnt brandy and a few drops of lemon juice, and pour over the lobster.

Recipe supplied by Madame Premier



A Lobsterling Character



ONE of the works wonders to be seen at the Business Efficiency Exhibition is a machine which will indicate, by flashing up numerals on a dial, reasons for any stoppage in the factory, each numeral "being a code for a particular stoppage reason." It is felt by the makers that if the device can stand up to the wear-and-tear of a British factory it will sell anywhere in the world.

Soft, We Are Observed

THE *Observer*, pursuing its campaign against reporters who intrude on the private lives of people in the news, spoke out bravely for Mr. Jim Baty, "the victim of grotesque personal treatment." Reporters, it seemed, had actually entered his back garden and peered into his sitting-room. On the front page of the same issue of the *Observer* there was a photograph of Marshal Tito and his Russian guests at dinner, taken by a photographer who had evaded the guards in the grounds of the White Palace at Belgrade and pointed his camera through the window. That this was not "grotesque treatment" but "an astonishing feat" shows once again how splendidly broadminded the *Observer* is.

Disgusting—We'll Use It

THE recent statement on colour television by Sir George Barnes, the



B.B.C.'s Director of Television, to the effect that "colour has no meaning, but is mere sensation, appealing to the eye and not to the mind" is the kind of argument that sets the Third

Programme pundits all aglow with enthusiasm. Unfortunately he spoils it by adding that "it will revolutionize the kind of programme seen on television."

Submerged Quarter

SIR GODFREY INCE, speaking on the vital question of youth training and education, pointed out that young people were a "very scarce commodity," and that "for every eight that reached the age of eighteen in 1939 there are now only six." The other two are in remand homes.

Widening Vistas

Few will quarrel with the claim made at the recent Advertising Association Conference that "advertising has done more than anything to raise the general



level of public taste." Indeed, many will wonder why no equally proper reference was made to its effect on the general level of public education also. More and more advertising copy nowadays presents readers with valuable, if condensed, teaching about classical heroes, Andaman betrothal rites or the home life of the tsetse-fly before tailing off flatly into the plug-line about corsets, garden furniture or electronic factory equipment.

For Your Shopping List

A CARDIFF firm is to market a preparation which, when dropped into the sea, produces a cloudy solution that causes sharks' eyes to sting and so drives them away. This is indeed

welcome news for those people who are always complaining that none of the old-fashioned methods of repelling sharks is really effective.

Hands Full

THOUGH intensifying her agitation for a Pathan minority in Pakistan to become an autonomous state called Pakhtoonistan, Afghanistan has declined to bring the matter before the United Nations, "where so many disputes still remain unsettled." Something of the same kind no doubt lies behind a newspaper report that the British Gas Staff Association have decided not to apply for affiliation to the T.U.C.

Lento—Divertissement Ahead

ONE of the main features of a West London road safety drive that unhappily fell a victim to the rail strike was to be a tableau by thirty little girls who were (says a news item) to "dance backwards and forwards across the Albert Memorial Road in Kensington Gardens. The young girls, wearing black-and-white striped dresses, will make a zebra crossing, while the older girls dance around them" and "motorists acted by traffic police are held up on either side of the crossing." It is too bad that events should have compelled the can-



cellation of this performance; the effect on the local children during the next week or so would surely have stimulated many West London motorists to a *pas seul* exceeding in liveliness the liveliest creations of Messrs. Ashton, Cranko and Macmillan.

Eye-Catching

WHEN King Baudouin visited the town of Coquilhatville, in the Belgian Congo, the natives greeted him in costumes of guinea-fowl and parrot feathers, lions' manes, leopard-skins and an old army blanket, with necklaces of threaded teeth and monkeyskin head-dresses. Except for the blanket the whole thing was reminiscent of a film première in Leicester Square.

Now Casting

STRONG words were spoken by members of the Variety Artists' Federation on the subject of Service entertainment spectacles in which naval gun teams, Royal Corps of Signals motor-cyclists, R.E. bridge-building



sections and other uniformed glamour boys were competing unfairly with professional entertainers. Service spokesmen point out that variety artists need only apply to any recruiting office to be offered long-term engagements in exciting productions all over the world.

Honours Easy

TIPSTERS who so confidently forecast peerages in the Birthday Honours for Captain Crookshank, Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, and the rest of them, need not be unduly depressed by their failure to hit the target. No one could be blamed for failing to prophesy the contents of a list that gives a knighthood to Mr. Bustamante and a B.E.M., for services to Trade Unionism, to an engine-driver currently on strike.

Incentive

"The truth of the matter is that artists should not pay income tax."—Cyril Connolly

WHY, bless you, Mr. Connolly; Artists, you've always said, should be Parasites on society, Distinct, aloof, completely free, Apart.

So now there can be very few Who would not relish seeing you (When all society joins the queue To be excused their taxes too) The honoured patron of a new Folk Art.



PRELIMINARY AGENDA



IT is believed that the following are among the resolutions and amendments submitted for debate at the next Labour Party conference:

RESOLUTION

That no person over the age of sixty-five shall be eligible for membership of the Parliamentary Committee or the National Executive Committee. (To be moved by Mr. Hugh Dalton, on behalf of Bishop Auckland C.L.P.)

AMENDMENTS

That the words "excepting the Leader of the Party" should be added. (To be moved by Mr. C. R. Attlee, on behalf of Walthamstow West C.L.P.)

That the words "excepting the Deputy Leader of the Party" should be added. (To be moved by Mr. Herbert Morrison, on behalf of Lewisham South C.L.P.)

RESOLUTION

That before any election to the Parliamentary Committee or the National Executive Committee all candidates shall deposit their birth certificates at Transport House, where they shall be available for scrutiny to any member of the Party. (To be moved by Mr. Hugh Dalton, on behalf of Bishop Auckland C.L.P.)



AMENDMENTS

That the words "it being understood that no woman candidate shall be required to produce her birth certificate" should be added. (To be moved by Mrs. Barbara Castle, on behalf of Blackburn C.L.P.)

That the words "with the proviso that no woman Member of Parliament shall be allowed to scrutinize the birth certificate of any other Member" should be added. (To be moved by Dr. Edith Edith Summerskill, on behalf of Warrington C.L.P.)

That the words "Both committees consist of a lot of old women anyhow" should be added. (To be moved by Mrs. Bessie Braddock, and seconded and carried by her.)

RESOLUTION

That the age of Mr. C. R. Attlee shall henceforth be known as sixty-four years and ten months, and that official publications of the Party shall be amended accordingly. (To be moved by Mrs. C. R. Attlee, from the driving seat of a Standard Six.)

THIS RESOLUTION IS TO BE UNOPPOSED AND CARRIED BY ACCLAMATION.

RESOLUTION

That the ages of all Wykehamists shall be divided by half. (To be moved by Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, on behalf of himself and Mr. R. H. S. Crossman.)

AMENDMENTS

That the words "excepting that of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell" should be added. (To be moved by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, on behalf of Ebbw Vale C.L.P.)

That the words, "excepting that of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, whose age shall be multiplied by the number of block votes of the T.G.W.U." should be added. (To be moved by Mr. Ian Mikardo, on behalf of Reading C.L.P.)

That the words "Etonians are ageless" should be added. (To be moved by Mr. J. Strachey, in desperation.)

That the words "Thank my lucky stars I am out of it" should be added. (To be moved by Mr. Michael Foot, on behalf of Devonport C.L.P.) H. F.



"COME INSIDE!"



"Well, darling, if that's Angela's daughter a fat lot of good it was giving her deportment lessons."

Secret Mission By ANTHONY CARSON

I HAD been six months in the Army, clattering through terrible towns like Basingstoke and Leeds in enormous boots, when I was posted to Woolwich. Thousands of others had been posted there too, and the parade ground in front of the hideous sham Norman keep was crowded with khaki men swearing at their luck. There were no beds, unless you gave a man called Cohen half a crown, with an extra sixpence for a pillow, and it took an hour to queue up for meals at the cook-house.

A rumour got round that hundreds of people were being posted to some jungle, and the next morning, aching with cramp, nearly everybody went sick, myself included. The M.O. sounded my chest and listened to my pulse. I tried to tell him about the effect of the sham Norman keep. "Like going to be executed," I said. "Nerves," said the M.O. handing me a purple bottle of medicine. "You're not raving." I wanted to rave then and there, but couldn't.

Lots of men started queuing up to see Cohen. "You pay ten bob," one of them told me, "and you're off the list for a fortnight. A quid and you're clear a month, with a pass thrown in. If you give him a fiver he'll fix you with a job in the quartermaster's stores and you can help flog the condensed milk." Cohen was a private and seemed to run the depot.

I was there a fortnight, sweeping leaves and stealing beds, when Cohen suddenly waved at me in the Naafi. "Listen, Carson," he said, "you're a corporal. Put up the stripes or you'll be on a charge for being improperly dressed." I looked at him with dismay. "But I can't afford it," I said. He lowered his voice: "It's nothing to do with me. You're on a secret mission. Posted to-morrow. Do you want a pillow?"

The next day I found myself in Yorkshire, surrounded by coal. "Well, Corporal," said the Adjutant, "you're one of three chosen for a mission." "What is the mission?" I asked. "I can't tell you," said the Adjutant. "Go on embarkation leave to-morrow, but be ready to leave at twenty-four hours' notice." I saluted and walked out. The next day I was in London. I walked down Oxford Street looking at passers-by through eyes shrouded with mystery. I was very much in love with a girl called Violet who always became very passionate every time I was on embarkation leave. By now the farewells had grown a little stale, and the waving and tears at railway stations had become mechanical, but when I told her I was a corporal on a secret mission her eyes became beautiful and we went to Rottingdean. Fourteen days passed and I leant out of my train at Euston, and there was that impossible moment of eternity, like a long note on a violin, and waving and tears and military policemen and smoke. Then the train took me to Yorkshire.

I had been at the depot a week without meeting any other secret agents when I suddenly saw a man called Crawley in the wash-house. Every morning I used to pour a basin of water on myself, mainly for something to do, and a small crowd used to collect. Among them, on this occasion, was Crawley. He was an enormous man, like a controlled rhinoceros, and radiated an impression of primitive earth.

Underneath this lurked a great poet, renowned for power and precision. I had last met him in a fish-shop in the Edgware Road. "So it's you," he said. "I suppose you're an agent." "Good heavens," I said. "Are you?" Crawley nodded. "There's another one here somewhere. He's a gipsy horse-stealer called Pablo. Let's go and look for him." We wandered through the depot and finally found him in a barrack-room, blancoing his equipment. "Do you understand anything about this business?" I asked him. "Not a thing," he said. A few months passed, and winter came down like a bill, and snow covered the coal. The barrack-rooms crackled with cold, although the officers up in the manor had roaring fires and French chefs and all wore exquisite uniforms. Most of the other ranks in the depot were intellectuals and could quote Dante, but one had the feeling that we were all hopeless natives in tents. One day the Adjutant called for Pablo, Crawley and me and we entered his office and saluted. "Listen, chaps," said the Adjutant. "There's no news about this thing. It all depends on higher policy, you understand. As it is, you'd better fill in your time with bayonet practice." We saluted and reported to the company sergeant major.

Crawley, his mysterious heart hidden, was attracted by the elementary organization of military life like a great child by toy soldiers. It was the earliest civilized form on earth, and during parade you could see the still passion of the trees and the wonder of the white snow. Off duty he gave brilliant impersonations of a Kaffir selling a horse. Another month passed.

Our greatest trouble was drink. Alcohol, our old crony and ruin, drew us night after night to the Bull and Parsley in the near-by town. At the sight of Crawley a gallon of beer would evaporate like dew in the genial sun. As he poured down the draughts, great roots descended from his legs and planted themselves in the bar-room floor, and the photographs of Licensed Victuallers Annual Balls would shake at the roar of his voice. But, though secret agents, we had no money, and we would stand in the saloon bar eyeing hospitable Yorkshire customers with an indulgent eye for khaki.

One evening Crawley was approached by an elderly prosperous-looking man with a bald head. His hand was outstretched, and his eye twinkled with anticipatory pleasure. "My dear sir," he cried, "forgive my intruding, but I have been told who you are. This is a

great pleasure and honour." The great thirst behind Crawley's mask rippled like a salt lake, and he grasped the hand with prehistoric strength. "A great honour," repeated the Yorkshireman, wringing his hand. "You are Mr. Crawley?" "Certainly," cried Crawley, "I am that man." "Then let me congratulate you, sir," said the Yorkshireman, "your book on roses is the finest I have ever encountered." Edging forward, so as to be there for the kill, I watched Crawley's face. It was completely impassive, earthen, resolute. "Thank you," he said simply. "You are the greatest expert on late flowering hybrids I know of," continued the Yorkshireman, going red in the face with pleasure, "and I have drawn immense practical benefit from your chapter on green fly." There was a moment of silence, during which Crawley gathered himself together. "I am particularly proud of that chapter," said Crawley. "It took me a year."

"Have a drink," said the Yorkshireman, waving his hand. "A pint," cried Crawley in a great voice. "A pint," I echoed softly, but not too softly. And there in the heart of Yorkshire, among all the coal, two secret agents lapsed into silence and gratefully downed the bitter brew.



Let Freedom Ring

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

DOES anyone except senile ruins like me remember a weird book by William Hope Hodgson called *The Night Land*, published in 1910 or thereabouts? It was the story of the struggles of the last remnant of humanity millions of years from now against all sorts of unpleasant Forces which had barged in from outer space, and all through the book, when these Forces were starting to throw their weight about, a benevolent Power intervened and knocked them cock-eyed.

The reason I bring this up is that very much the same thing has been happening in the New York theatre world. Or perhaps a closer parallel would be one of those old melodramas where, just as the villain came down to the footlights and announced that, having destroyed the missing will and foreclosed the mortgage, he had the heroine in his toils at last, the comic sailor popped up through a trap, waving the Union Jack, and foiled his schemes.

Conditions in the New York theatre are different from those in London, where the "notices" do not necessarily make or break. In London a play can survive bad notices, but on Broadway there was no appeal from them, and until the other day the New York theatre was in the hands of three men—Brooks ("The Lip") Atkinson of the *Times*, Walter ("Scarface") Kerr of the *Herald-Tribune* and John ("Mugsy") Chapman of the *Daily News*. They exercised absolute control. If they praised a play, we all flocked to it. If they damned it, we dared not go near it. We didn't know exactly what would happen to us if we did, but it was too risky to take a chance. We had read so often in the papers of bodies found in the Hudson encased in cement and other bodies riddled with sub-machine-gun bullets fired from passing automobiles. Perhaps

a few daring spirits would put on false whiskers and dark spectacles and sneak in to see something which had displeased the critics of the *Times*, the *Herald-Tribune* and the *News*, but they came out nervous wrecks. Who knew but that Big Brothers were watching them? Might not that innocent-looking usher who ushered them to their seats be one of The Lip's trigger-men? Might not the very box-office attendant be a spy in the pay of Scarface or Mugsy?

To say that the public did not groan under this mobster rule would be inaccurate. It groaned profusely. But it needed something sensational to make it throw off the shackles and storm the Bastille. And this something happened on April 19 last.

On April 18 a musical called *Ankles Aweigh* opened at the Mark Hellinger theatre. It differed from all the musicals produced in New York for the last dozen years in that nobody died in Act II and there was in it no trace of social significance. It was about girls and sailors and it had comedians and a chorus of thirty-two dressed in tights with pink anchors embroidered on the left hip. It was, in short, a breath of fresh air from the old days when one went to a musical comedy to laugh and did not expect it to contain a message for all thinking men. And with one accord the critics leaped on it. There had not been such unanimous hymns of hate since *Abie's Irish Rose*. The howls of rage echoed all up and down Broadway.

And what happened? Did it close on Saturday, April 23? Not a bit of it. As one man and woman, the New York theatre public made a beeline for it and it is playing to \$50,000 a week and looks like running five years. And why? Because, as in the case of Mr. Hodgson's forces of evil, a benevolent Power intervened. Suddenly, like the United

States Marines coming to the rescue of the garrison beleaguered by savages, the columnists and the radio and television celebrities plunged into the fray. Walter Winchell informed twenty-five million readers that *Ankles Aweigh* was the goods and told them to ignore a bunch of fat-headed critics who didn't know what they were talking about. Ed Sullivan, Bob Hope, Arthur Godfrey, Jacky Gleason, Steve Allen and a score more of the television top men suspended their performances to urge a hundred million listeners not to miss this outstanding show.

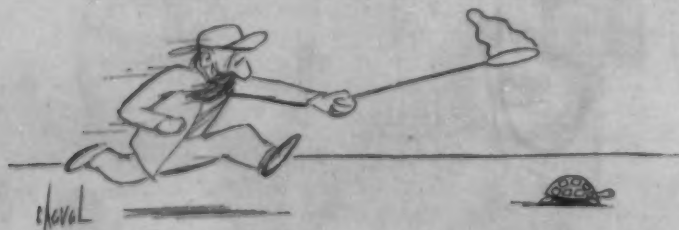
It was enough. The power of the critics was broken. The Lip has fled the country. Scarface and Mugsy are believed to be in hiding in Brooklyn. The rest of what are called the aisle-sitters are cowering behind locked doors, shivering as they listen to the mob dancing the Carmagnole in Shubert Alley. The revolution is an accomplished fact.

It is the biggest thing that has happened in America since Lincoln struck the chains off I forget how many slaves, but quite a number, and the rejoicing has been universal. We all hate dramatic critics, do we not? (A bunch of smart alecks. You should have seen what they did to that last thing of mine.) Creatures of the night, I sometimes call them. Has anybody ever seen a dramatic critic in the day time? Of course not. They come out after dark, and we know how we feel about things that come out after dark. Up to no good, we say to ourselves.

And I don't see how they can ever recover from this blow, this revelation that there is a higher power always on the alert to overrule their crude judgments. Well, I mean it's a fat lot of good a critic saying on the morning after opening that a play's scale of values is neither objective nor rational and accusing it of thematic archaism if on the night after opening a hundred million people are going to be told on television that it is a wow and must not be missed.

His fangs are drawn, and if there is one thing I am in favour of (or of which I am in favour) it is drawing the fangs of dramatic critics.

Preferably without gas.





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ANTHONY BRODE



Hippo in My Hair

By ALEX ATKINSON

"WHERE next?" asked Raymond as we sat eating the last of our sardines and cocoa, while the lions sniffed inquiringly at our tent-pegs or came gambolling out of the forest to be rubbed. It was a calm, starlit night, and the peace of Kenya was all around us. How different it all seemed from the hurly-burly of New York and London, with the endless chatter of the smart set in the deep canyons of the city streets, and the terrible things in the papers! I felt at one with Africa, and now that my broken leg was almost mended I was anxious to be off again.

I looked across at my husband, and thought again how big and handsome he was, and how inscrutable, with that lock of hair falling over his nose and the moonlight glinting on his glasses. I leaned forward to prise a tick out of his neck.

"Well," he said again, humorously, "where next?"

"Umtoshu," I said, on the spur of the moment.

"Very well, my dear," said Raymond, quite unperturbed, "Umtoshu it shall be."

So it was that not long afterwards I found myself up to my neck in the sluggish water of the Impaga, watching the crocodiles float lazily nearer, with their interesting jaws wide open and their pointed teeth shining. The only sound was the whirr of Ted's camera on the bank and the splashing noise from upstream where Raymond was wrestling with a water buffalo who had proved a little *too* inquisitive.

By chance it had turned out that a man who ran a hospital for lamed or rheumatic tree-rats in Java had cabled Raymond to ask if he would send him four or five mumbos as he wanted to open a pet shop. Now mumbos only thrive in Umtoshu, and so when I had said "Umtoshu" on the spur of the moment Raymond had agreed readily. Also, as it happened, he had been asked to film the devil dance of the Umtoshu snake-worshippers, a strange, carnivorous tribe who live in some trees and have leprosy. This was to form the climax of a film in which Stewart Granger, as a headstrong white hunter, was to run amok in a game reserve and steal all the eggs of the juda bird. Raymond had agreed readily to collect

some mumbos and to film the devil dance, for he is always a dear, impulsive soul, and the money was good. So here we were, combining business with pleasure.

How I laughed as the clumsy crocs tried to bite off my head! Time and again the silly old things were within an inch of success, but each time I moved out of range, smiling at Ted on the bank. Actually he was pointing the camera at Raymond and the buffalo, but I didn't realize that until later.

As you know, I cannot swim, and when one of the crocodiles butted me in the rear and sent me sprawling into the mud on the river bed in the most undignified way, I was unnerved. People who cannot swim, I have found, are often in danger of drowning in Africa.

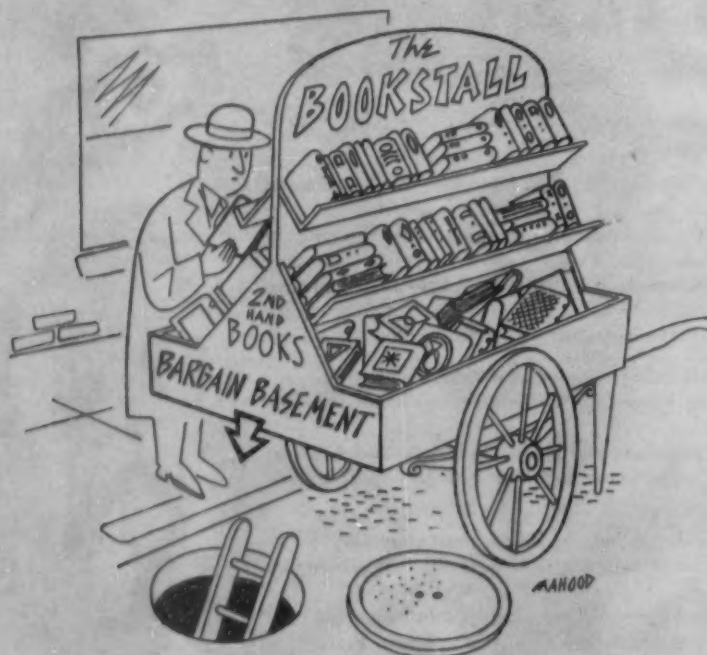
Fortunately, all was well. Our native boys, growing uneasy when they saw that Raymond was being carried off into the undergrowth by the buffalo and his mate, and that Ted was wrapped in the coils of a small, colourful python which had been attracted by the whirr of the camera, took command of the situation. I had trained them well, and they were careful not to hurt any living thing. With the lengths of string I had knotted for them they drove away the crocodiles, lashing them unmercifully. I felt quite sad to see the poor defenceless creatures moving off downstream, but Africa is full of heartbreaks.

Then the boys began to pummel the buffalo with their hard fists while Raymond sprang lithely up a bolo tree, which bent comically under his weight. How handsome he looks, I thought, up a bolo tree!

Some of the boys were bitten, and one seemed to get lost somehow, but the buffalo were quite unscathed, and trotted away happily about their business. Meanwhile, Ted had sung the python to sleep. We took it back to camp, and it soon became a charming pet.

I now had a cockatoo, the python, a camel, a baby rhino, four monkeys, a gorilla, the ostriches, a domestic pig, two corgis, three blind mice, and the vulture with the wooden leg.

"Really, dear," Raymond would say sometimes, as we trudged through a swamp with the pets in our arms, "you



must try to keep these down to a minimum. Our food won't hold out for ever, and I know you wouldn't like them to get all thin and sad-looking."

But I never could bear to part with an animal. I am at one with animals. I am at one with nature, too, and the natives, and Africa, and Australia, and *everything*. It took me years of practice, and I can't change now.

Unfortunately, as it turned out, the python left us of his own accord a few days later, and got engaged.

I was sad, for pythons are thoughtful, quiet creatures, and I missed him. Some people fear them, I know. It is the same with bull elephants. It is really silly to fear a charging bull elephant, because sometimes, if you stand your ground, he will swerve at the last moment and miss you. It is an invigorating feeling, standing quite still in the warm, caressing sun, waiting for him to swerve.

It was a long and difficult journey to the snake-worshippers, and proved quite eventful. The food truck fell into the river, and our own truck had a puncture which Raymond couldn't cope with because I had exchanged the spare wheel for some teeny baby lula mice at a pygmy village on the way. The lula mice were sweet, with satiny noses and sharp little claws an inch and a half long. I named them Stanley, Edward, Fussy, Alfred, Norman and Marguerite. Later we were forced to eat them. I insisted, however, that they were not slaughtered. We deprived them of food and stood them in a draught, so that they all died natural deaths.

They tasted rather like ordinary mice, as it turned out, and I made a hat for Raymond out of the skins. He looked handsomer than ever in it, although he had by now contracted a kind of fever while collecting the mumbos. We kept them in dainty wicker cages. They had long yellow teeth and an interesting smell.

At last we reached the snake-worshippers, whom we had to shake down out of their trees. A secret devil-dance was promptly arranged for the following Friday evening in a secret place in the forest.

It was a wonderful experience, but, as it turned out, unsuitable for television. I was the only white woman with red hair ever to see this secret dance, and it had never before been filmed entirely in colour. Naturally I asked

Raymond if I could take part in it and, knowing my tastes, he agreed.

So it came about that on the Friday I was smeared with a sort of secret green mud. Heavy wooden bells were attached to my ears, and magic feathers were glued on my head. How I pulsed with excitement as the drums began to throb! I insisted on keeping my clothes on, and I didn't know the words of the songs, but otherwise I took a full part in the proceedings.

The drums were made of skin stretched over hollow cylinders. When the skin is struck with the palm of the hand a booming noise results. I soon became adept at this, but it was the dancing that appealed to me most. I cannot divulge the steps, as it was a secret dance, but I can reveal that it involved lifting the feet and putting them down in time to the music of the drums, and sometimes shuffling.

After eight hours of this I fell in a magic trance, and Raymond carried me out of camera range and gave me two martinis, although I am usually a one-drink girl.

It took me three days to get the glue out of my hair, and my face kept twitching a good deal, but I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. I felt I understood the Umtoshu people, and could happily have settled down with them, living their simple life far



away from the bustle of cities and the autographing of copies in the big stores. Raymond, however, was adamant.

So it was that not long afterwards I found myself toiling across the parched desert of Western Australia in a jeep, on an expedition to film the savage crallawalla. How handsome Raymond looks, I thought, as he sits there turning the steering-wheel with his bare hands when we go round a corner! And I wondered what he was thinking. In the next chapter I will tell you how I had to slap a poor crallawalla with a nasty stick because he *would* keep on eating Raymond just when Raymond was trying to film me riding on my kangaroo.

"Where next?" said Raymond humorously, as soon as our splints had been removed.

How handsome he looked again!

What's Yours?

"SPECIAL NOTICES"

Some like Sherry dark or pale.
But always give me Perry's Ale.

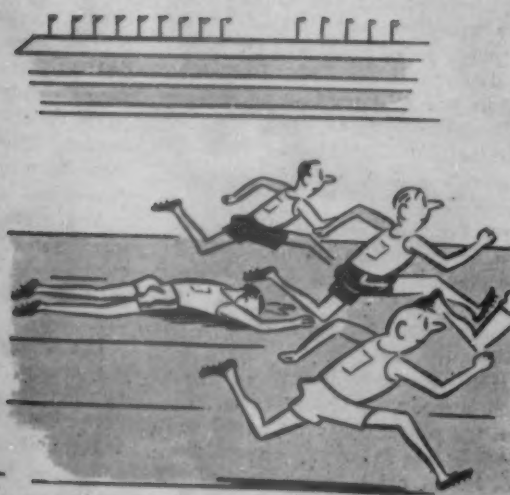
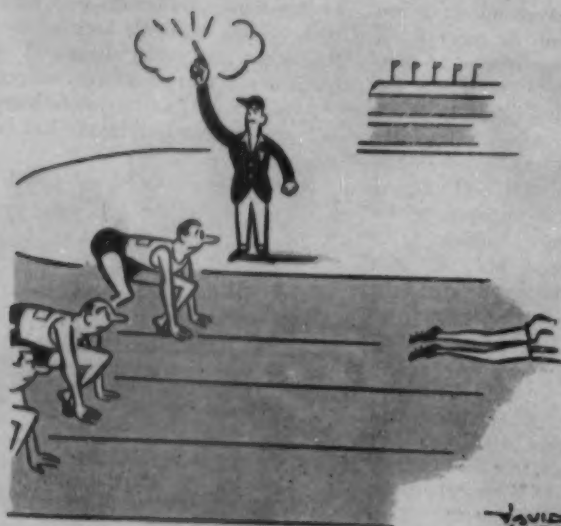
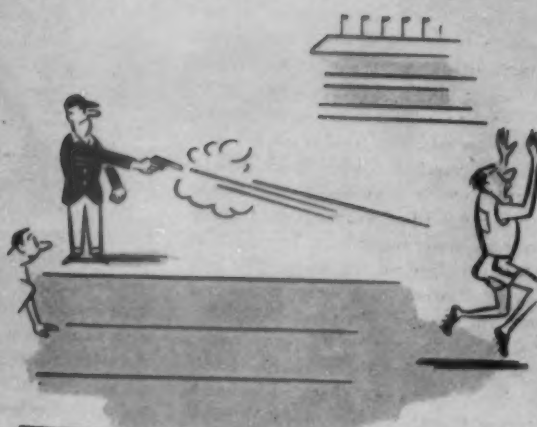
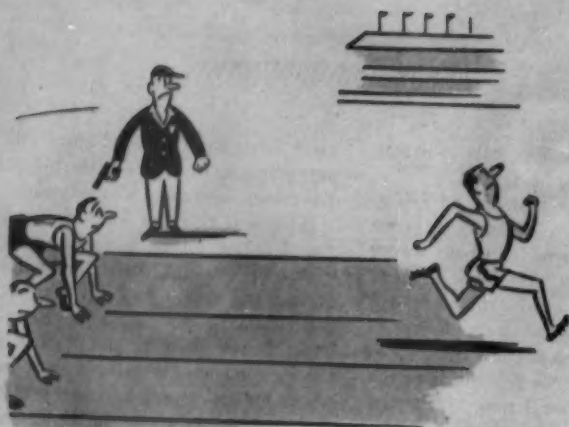
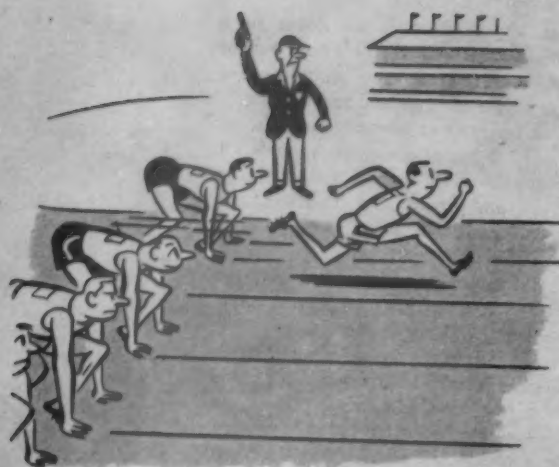
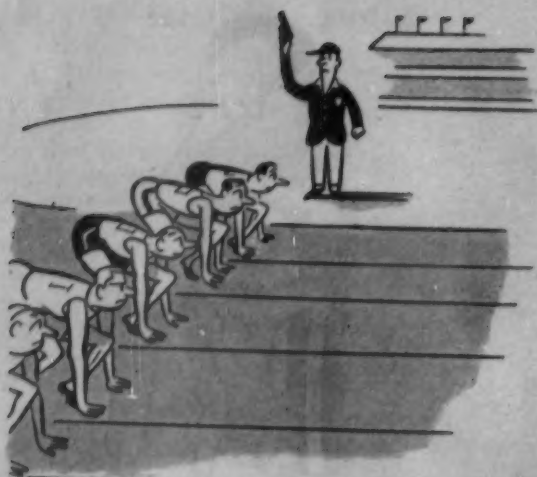
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Irish Independent



DAVID
SASSON

Discord at the White City

By H. F. ELLIS

THE knowledgeable spectators sit on the far, or popular, side at the White City. We are a likeable, unpretentious lot: more middle-class than a Highbury crowd, less Public School than Twickenham, younger than Lord's. Here, if anywhere, I dare say, you might find the floating vote assembled in quantity, ready to swing this way or that as advised by the electronic computer. But, tepid or ignorant about politics as we may be, our knowledge of athletics is beyond cavi. We are far past the stage of being content to know by heart merely the World, European, British Allcomers', British National, and English Native records for each event; we expect also to be able to recall, at least to the nearest fifth of a second (or half-inch), each competitor's best recorded performance so far.

It is curious that a crowd so keen, absorbed and well-informed as this one should be so disorganized in the matter of applause. Spectators at other games long ago resolved their difficulties and secured uniformity by the observance of a few simple rules. At cricket, for instance, good shots are not clapped unless they turn out to be fours; the great crowd waits patiently to make sure the fieldsman has muffed it before letting itself go. At Rugby football, applause is confined (rather oddly) to successful attempts at kicking the ball out of play and to the removal of injured players to the pavilion. At cricket, again, maiden overs are always applauded, whether the batsman is trying to get runs or not, and bowlers also get a clap when observed to be taking back their sweaters from the umpire. Thus an appearance of unanimity is preserved, and the awkwardness of spasmodic or half-hearted clapping averted. At the White City no clear understanding seems to have been reached even on so elementary a point as whether the third man in a half-mile deserves some tribute.

Worse, even the applause for the winner tends to be disjointed and hesitant. This is not because of any lack of goodwill, but because the method of announcing the results divides the spectators into two sharply opposed camps. The race has been over for

several minutes, the cheering and the excited chattering has died away, the runners have long ago unwound their arms from about the necks of their supporters, and people are beginning, here and there, to take a mild interest in one of the interminable field events, when the loud-speakers with a gay "Hello!" announce: "Here is the result of the 880 yards International Event. First—D. J. N. Johnson." This is the moment to pay tribute to that young runner—or so, at least, thinks a section of the warm-hearted crowd. But the rest, fearful lest the announcement of Johnson's time should be lost in the tumult, restrain their enthusiasm and may even go so far as to cry "Shush!" for all the world as if some ignoramus had started applauding at the end of a movement at the Albert Hall. They have every intention, these holders-back, of making up for their apparent coldness, by letting themselves go when the time has been announced; but what if it is only (as, at the British Games at Whitsun, it in fact was) 1.52.1? It is really impossible, for a connoisseur, to lend public countenance to a time of 1.52.1. One might as well be back in the days of Dr. O' Peltzer and D. G. A. Lowe. Disappointment numbs the hands, and D. J. N. Johnson, who has after all won the race, must be content with a sprinkling of applause that would hardly pass muster after a vote of thanks to the speaker at a woman's literary society.

Something must be done about this. If it isn't, we shall find ourselves being accused, when (as sometimes happens) foreign competitors win races over here, of national bias. We cannot expect Hungarians and Czechoslovakians to understand that we are unanimous in our desire to applaud the winner, no matter where he comes from, but just can't agree about the proper moment to do it. Nor can we hope that the situation will always be saved by such happy accidents as occurred at the White City when Tabori was applauded *crescendo* no fewer than four times for his running in the Mile. First he got the usual indecisive, marred-by-shushing tribute when his name was announced as the winner. Then he got a much more satisfactory ovation when his time was

given as 3.59.2. Then, after the crowd had got into the swing of it through hearing that Chataway and Hewson, too, had beaten four minutes in the same event, he was saluted *fortissimo* when the announcer corrected his time to 3.59.1. And the noise that greeted the further correction to 3.59 dead could not, apart from the intrusion of some hysterical laughter, be faulted. The general feeling was that, at this rate, a couple more corrections would seriously endanger Landy's world record; and Tabori, no doubt, went home to Hungary with the happiest recollections of a British crowd's open-handed sportsmanship. But as I say, you can't rely, even at the White City, on this kind of inspired muddle every time.

What is needed is the introduction into athletics of the same sort of applause-conventions as help to rid cricket and other crowd-compelling games of most of their embarrassments. Already, perhaps, a move in this direction is discernible. To be assured of sustained, whole-hearted unanimous approval, a competitor has only to be fat, ungainly and a bad enough distance runner to be lapped twice by all the other competitors in the Six Miles. Then he will be applauded home, in the finest British fashion, all the way round those last two lonely laps. If he is a *foreigner*, the uproar will be indescribable. But, alas, he never is.

Butchery Note

"LADY (Mid-thirties) wishes to meet another lady with view to Roman Holiday. Expenses shared. Early July."

The Times



The South Africans

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

FEW touring teams have begun a campaign in England more disastrously than Jack Cheetham's South Africans. They lost at Worcester, they had the worst of the game at Derby, their batting was dreadfully slow and



timid, their bowling was all Tayfield and they muffed their catches.

According to one writer they even showed up badly on television, when at an indoor school they loosened up before the cameras and some ten million critical spectators and suffered a minor breakdown in transmission.

Then came the surprisingly easy win against the M.C.C. at Lord's.

Cockahoop over our recent triumphs in Australia most fans interpreted the South Africans' vile start as another

sign of recovery in English cricket. We licked the Aussies, the Aussies have just licked the West Indians, and if the West Indians were to play the South Africans (they don't: the colour bar restricts sunburnt South African cricket to games with "whites"), Weekes, Worrell, Walcott, Ramadhin, Valentine and company would surely make mincemeat of them. So England is right on top, undisputed master of international cricket. Well, we shall see, and Test

rubber—two victories each—set a new standard in fighting cricket, delighted Australia by their spectacular fielding, and attracted goodly crowds wherever they appeared.

On his return from Australia Len Hutton startled the theorists of the game by suggesting that the old saw about good fielding winning matches has had its day. Fielding is important, he said, but Tests are now won by specialist batsmen and bowlers, by Tysons,



cricket being the eternal round it is we shall presumably go on seeing. Next summer the Australians will be here; in 1957 we take another crack at the West Indians...

Starting out under a cloud is nothing new to the tourists. During the early part of their highly successful tour of Australia (1952-53) the South Africans were regarded as a blight on the Antipodean summer. Pressmen urged them to go home, to send for reinforcements, to take up rounders. According to Ray Robinson, one of the wisest of Australian critics, Keith Miller sent them in to bat at Sydney with the comforting words: "You fellas have first dig and get yourselves some runs. If you do, it will help you draw good gates." And with the score at three for three wickets a barracker on the Hill added insult to indignity by yelling "Bring on the West Indies. At least they lend a bit of — colour to the game."

What happened next is cricket history at its brightest. The despised South Africans held the invincibles to a tied

Stathams, Mays and Cowdreys. Hutton was trying, perhaps, to say a few kind words about his notorious fumlbers, about his team of non-benders and butterfingers; or he may have been dropping hints to the selectors that it is too early yet to drop such specialists as Compton, Bedser and Hutton.

Jack Cheetham and thousands of village cricketers disagree violently with England's lumbaginous captain. Village cricketers justify their very existence in the eleven by their fielding, or by their own estimation of its quality. "I'm not much of a bat these days," says Tom Mowhook of Soddan Green, "and I don't get much chance to bowl me leg-spinners, but what I say is fieldin' wins matches, and if I say it as shouldn't..." Jack Cheetham *knows* that it was fielding and fielding alone that allowed his side to halt the all-conquering heroes of Australia.

Tayfield bowled his off-spinners on bone-hard pitches to Australia's hefty drivers, and tied them all down. He could be hit, but seldom accurately enough to find gaps in the ring of



suicide "sillies," Keith and Endean at silly mid-on, McGlew and Murray at silly mid-off. And if Miller, Benaud or Harvey tried the lofted drive, there was always McLean, Funston or somebody waiting in the deep with hands like mechanical grabs. Tayfield's bag was thirty Australian Test wickets, five more than the previous record held by Schwarz, the great googly merchant. And when he was congratulated on his harvest he handed on the praise to the "suicide squad" with the remark "They're catching 'em."

So far, as every commentator likes to

meat." Once when Lindsay Hassett was dropped in a Test he comforted the erring fielder by describing the degree of back-spin he had imparted to the ball.

At Lord's, against the M.C.C., the South Africans greeted the returning sun with a display that made the blood circulate again in the frosty fingers of the critics. They were not yet the tigers described in the advance notices, they still floored difficult chances, batted without much gusto (McLean excepted) and bowled without revealing deadly powers of penetration, but by

bitterly about unfair tactics and the debased currency of cricket, and hinted at the game's early demise.

Then Barnes. The most wonderful spell of bowling in all Test cricket hit South Africa in the seasons 1912 (England) and 1913-14 (South Africa) when S. F. Barnes—in only seven matches—took 83 wickets for 818 runs.



remind us, the South Africans are *not* catching them, and Tayfield, Adcock and Heine all have worse figures than they deserve. Ingenious reasons have been advanced to explain the epidemic (all cricket writers refer to plural fielding lapses as "epidemic" and most of them cough up the old joke: "There was an epidemic at Lord's, but it wasn't catching"): the kindest critics have blamed our weather and cold fingers, others have expatiated upon the unfamiliar light and surroundings, and others again—less kind—have suggested that the South Africans are suffering from double vision caused by a too avid reading of *Wisden's* paeans of praise. It is just possible, I suppose, that Cheetham's men have been trying too hard to live up to their immense reputation. Surrey have been known to drop *their* catches for much the same reason; and so—more often in recent years—have Yorkshire. When catches are floored by good fielders it is charitable to leave the explaining to the happy batsman. "It was travelling," he tells his colleagues. "Got it right on the

now they were hanging on to the "sitters" and bowling "tight." Their victory put them in good heart for the Nottingham Test.

Lacking knowledge of the result of this match I can draw my statistics—without which no cricket article is considered satisfactory—from tales of long ago. Let me remind you then that the first Test between England and South Africa was played at Port Elizabeth in 1889, that England won handsomely and that the captain, the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith, actor, film star and round-the-corner bowler, took five Springbok wickets in the first innings for nineteen runs.

Next—we are looking for post-dated omens—to 1906 when the South Africans startled the cricket world by thrashing England 4-1, by fielding *the same eleven players throughout the series*, and by bowling googlies from both ends. The following year, in England, Sherwell's team included four exponents of the "wrong 'un," Schwarz, White, Faulkner and Vogler, and the great Archie MacLaren complained

His feats included 13 for 57 at the Oval, 17 for 159 at Johannesburg, and 14 for 144 at Durham. Not bad going for a League cricketer.

Finally, a reminder that in 1935 the South Africans won at Lord's (their first Test success in England) and did so largely through the bowling—googlies again—of Xenophon Balaskas.

And now, armed with enough of fact and fiction, on to Lord's once more for the second game of the series.



Defending the home wickets
against the Robinson team, calling:



All Great-Britain is divided
in two parts: grasgrowers versus
graspoilers. This is the battle
of Grasthings.
b.) grasgrower bowled out
d.) Ferocious graspoiler.
h.) Graspoiler Cavalry charging.
m.) Graspoiler injured



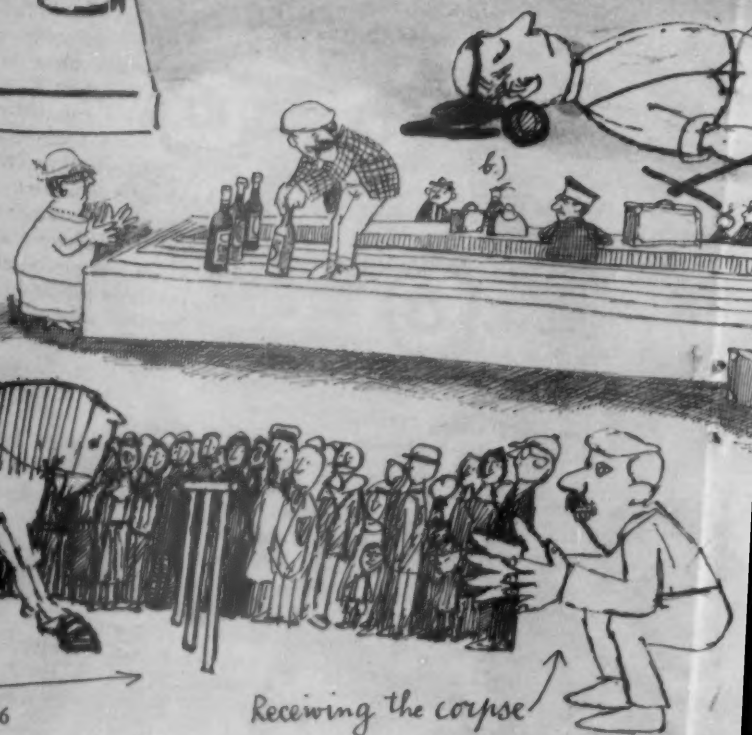
for horse batting
Efficient leg-
protection



Jumping

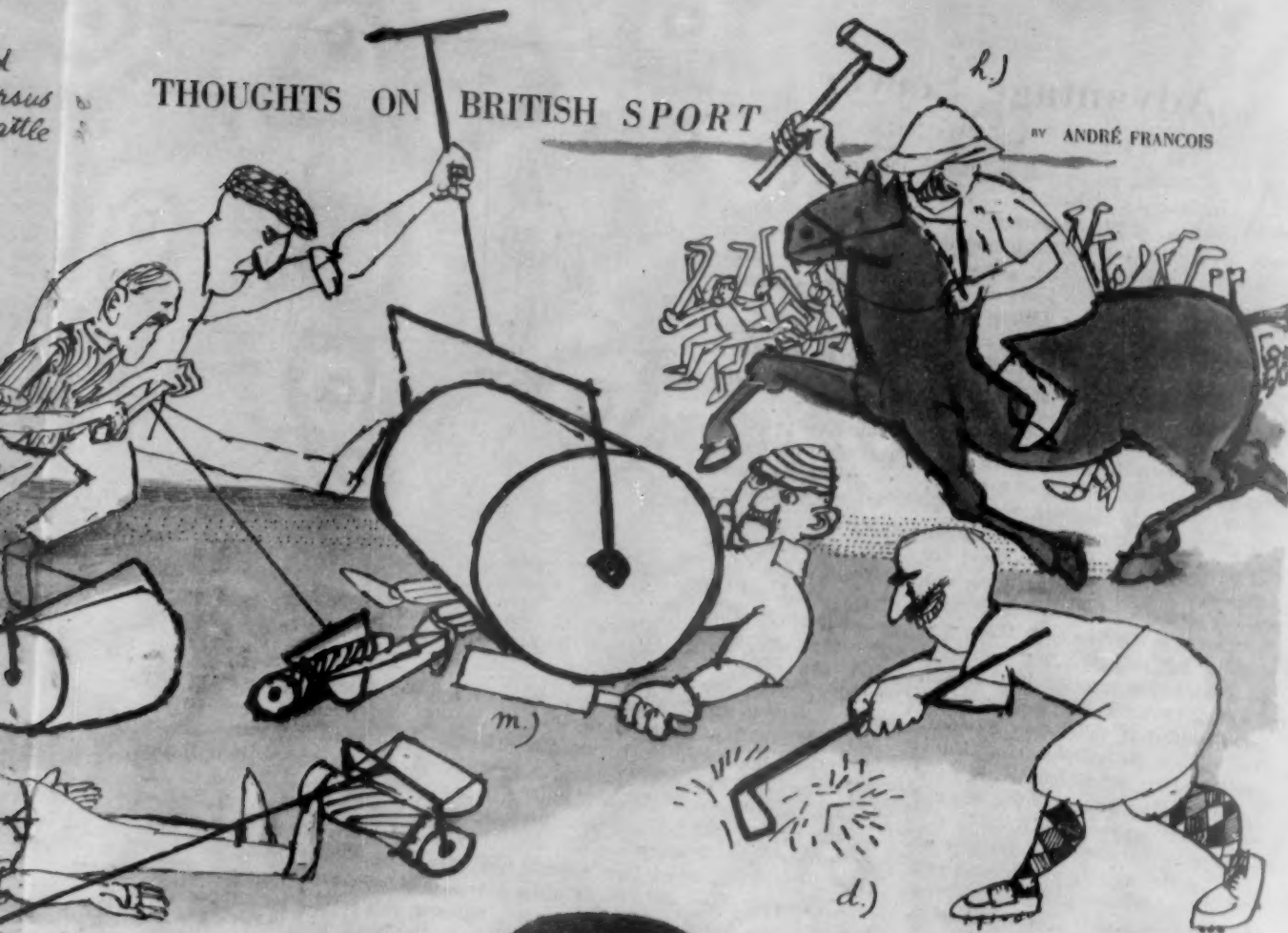
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Receiving the corpse



THOUGHTS ON BRITISH SPORT

BY ANDRÉ FRANCOIS



Englishman attempt to explain cricket to customs officer



Bowler's hat for City-Cricket

Englishman explaining Cricket and other sports to foreign auditory



Apple hunting in Kent



Bat for Cricket-Soccer (Old Bond Street)



Advantage Server

By B. A. YOUNG

AS traditions go nowadays, the traditional appearance, and victory, of Miss Maureen Connolly at Wimbledon was beginning to get pretty well established, about as well, say, as Santa Claus or the traditional appearance of Danny Kaye at the Palladium. There will be people who will feel this year that Wimbledon with Miss Connolly relegated to the columns of the *Daily Mail* will hardly be Wimbledon at all. Such people may take heart from the fact that the most ingrained traditions of the twentieth century are easily dislodged; some of us thought that when Miss Connolly appeared for the first time without her familiar, "Teach" Tennant, crouching on her shoulder, the sun would never shine over S.W.19 in quite the way it used to; but we have got over it. One tradition, however, we can bank on with a certain amount of confidence, the tradition that it will be an American that will win the ladies' singles. If it is not Miss Hart, it will be Miss Brough; if it is not Miss Brough, it will be some other American young lady.

Some of us, revolutionaries that we are, cannot restrain a private wish that Miss Hart, Miss Brough, and the rest of these transatlantic aces would all go and jump down a well. Some of us feel

that, now we are no longer able to bring up that piece about the steaks, cream and orange-juice which food-rationing deprived us of, it is time some of the English players came out at the top. It is all very well reminding ourselves that what matters is not whether we won or lost but how we played the game. The Russian oarsmen at Henley last year put the thing in a nutshell: "This is a sport to you," said one of their number, "but we are over here to win." A little more of that spirit, and who knows to what levels the pound might soar?

Very well, let us win at Wimbledon. If our tennis-players do not quite match up to the Americans, the Argentines, the Portuguese or the Greeks, there are, as we have recently seen in connection with the world's heavyweight boxing championship, other methods of securing our object.

A twenty-per-cent reduction in the size of the ring worked wonders for Mr. Marciano. Let us see, then, how Miss Hart and Miss Brough get on if they are suddenly confronted with a court not seventy-eight feet long but sixty-three. The climate will afford every excuse for keeping it covered until the actual day when it is to be used; then, just as Miss Hart is to appear, we can whip off the tarpaulins and reveal this new short-pattern court with the ball-boys practically shaking hands over the net. Miss Brough and Miss Hart will perhaps be rather cross; never mind, Mr. Cockell was cross too, and what good did it do him?

With any luck, the American players, not having so many tens of thousands of dollars at stake as Mr. Cockell had, will refuse to play. This means that their opponents will be awarded the game. But if the worst comes to the worst, and



"Excuse me, have you a ball marked 'National Coal Board Welfare Division, North-Eastern Region'?"

with true American courtesy they consent to use the court, much can yet be done by flexible interpretation of the rules. "I know that service pitched a tiny bit over the line," the umpire will indicate (but only facially) to the bewildered Americans as the ball lands among the ball-boys' feet, "but really you could have reached it if you'd tried, and our girls need a lot of encouragement this year, and anyway I wasn't looking. Forty—love." Next day there will be photographs in the papers to show that the service was a glaring fault, but by then the match will be over and won, and the ladies' singles wrested from American hands—no doubt for ever.

It may seem dull for a year or two, when Wimbledon is shorn not only of Little Mo but of Miss Hart and Miss Brough and all the other foreign competitors. Colonel Teddy Tinling, the well-known Wimbledon dressmaker, may be without any orders in his book for a season or two. But the point is that we, like Rocky Marciano, shall have won. We shall have that satisfaction, if satisfaction is the word.

6 6

"But now that there is an electron, and the fight is on, no one can remain neutral."

The Bulletin and Scots Pictorial
Neutron, surely.



"Game, set, match and professional contract to Miss Hatcheson."

H-BOY MUSHROOMS TO BIG TIME

By P-T-R W-LS-N

(The Man You Can't Stick)

FIGHT fans whirled around the Stepney atom-kid like electrons around protons as he stepped out of the ring to-night, short an ear but unmarked otherwise, after his shuddering extermination of Spaniard ("Olé") Alvarez. The ex-European light-heavy champ was gathered up in a basket. On this form Sam Sutt from Stepney, southpaw rocket-punch unbeaten in forty bouts, shows as radioactive as Bikini.

Manager Fred Backle will rest him a month from road work and the gymnasium. After that, open to all comers.

The bell was still in the air when Olé spat a tooth from Sam's first left, powerful as a piston, his head rocked backwards like a dynamited cliff. He doubled as Sam's right bulldozed into his belly, but came back for another left on the mouth that sounded like a bag of anthracite. The British 12 st. 7½ lb. H-bomb danced away as the Spaniard twitched on the ropes, gasping, bloody, jelly-legged. A great sight. The bell tolled in the nick of time.

Count of Eight

Neither rope nor bell kept Alvarez off the canvas long in round two, when he walked out of his corner, guard down and an eye closed, straight on to the end of a steel girder that was Sam Sutt's right. To a count of eight he lay on his face, still as a sleeping seal, bleeding from the nose, an elbow, a split cheek. Then in a surprise recovery—I put it like that from motives of charity—he flailed a wild upward right to the other's left ear and virtually removed it.

Sutt shook himself like a well-found ship and sailed in to the kill.

He landed a barrage of hooks and crosses to Olé's body that made the Spaniard seem to run a one-man gauntlet; at least two of the hits were near enough simultaneous to meet in the middle. This was great boxing, and when Sutt battered home a right like a penalty-kick it put Alvarez down with a force that bounced him twice before the blood and resin-dust rose in a kindly veil. When it subsided he lay like a character steamrollered in a Disney cartoon.

Well-done, Sam. Welcome to the aristocracy of the ring!



Sporting Print

ALL-ROUNDER

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is an odd thing that in the world of commerce your jack of all trades is proverbially a ne'er-do-well, but in the world of sport your all-rounder is the fullest and most envied of men, with horse, glove, bat, corner-flag and greyhound interwoven comfortably into the escutcheon of his private and personal Olympiad.

Such a one is Nathan Ball. To Nathan, one corner of the athletic field is home as much as another; the crease or the goalmouth, the water jump or the electric hare, the caber or the javelin, the large ball or the small—all are one to him, given takers.

He may be past his prime now, but it would be a bold man who would say so to his face. It is a pale face for a sportsman, a shrewd, lean, not always fastidiously shaven face, the eyes by custom watchful, the ears cocked, the lips curled as if ready to spit forth an unerring "No ball!" or "Where's your glasses, Ref!"

"Retired?" Nathan shoots the word back at one. He has not retired, and never will so long as fellow-men survive to assuage his sportsman's thirst for a little flutter on the Wall Game, to take up the gauge he flings down each year at Boat Race time. This year an Oxford-fancying drayman friend rashly offered him 100 to 8. He collected handsomely when Kent

beat Glamorgan in the women's inter-county squash-rackets.

Now, with the new cricket time burgeoning green about him, Nathan's sporting blood is a-bubble. "What I've got on," he says slowly, narrowing his eyes to slits and counting once more, "is, so far, first to make a thousand, first to take a hundred, first maiden, first to change bats before his fifty, first to have the screens shifted, first to—oh, no end, I've got on." But will they come off? Nathan shrugs, and muses that sport is a gamble. All-round sportman—all-round gambler, that's the way it goes. Fortunes toedance on the glistening razor-edge of chance.

"Chancy," says Nathan. "Take Wimbledon. Couldn't used to get no more than evens on Little Mo: this year, who knows? Then there's the weather. Take Cowes, take the Eton v. Harrow. On both of those, I am. Take Ascot, if it comes to that—five to two I'm giving there won't be more than twelve in the Royal party. Take the Walker Cup."

His eyes go dreaming off into the blue. Throwing away his cigarette-end he goes off to the public library reading-room. Form must be studied. *Mens sana*. Borne on the wind as he goes, the thin, musical jingle of stake-money.



Body and Soul

By R. G. G. PRICE

An unscholarly chapter of Literary History

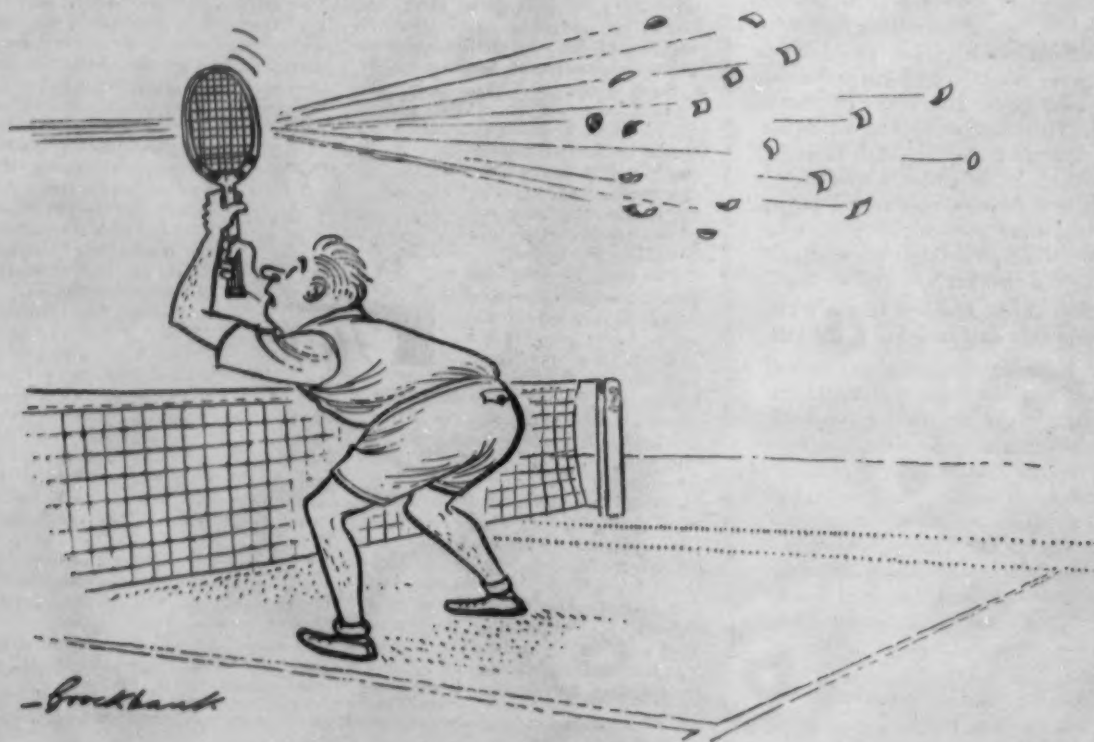
BACK in the gay days of rebellion earlier this century the reaction from Compulsory Games had an odd effect on Literary History. The record had to be falsified by hiding the fact that much of English literature had been written by Hearties. We had to imagine Shakespeare escaping from the rude sport of Stratford Grammar School, walking hunched and moody in Charle-cote Park and poaching merely as a protest against the Law of Property. Milton was the Lady of Christ's; Richardson was preferred to Fielding because it was all too easy to imagine Fielding tackling low; Shelley was disguised as the idyllic Grosvenor in *Patience*. Byron was disliked as a Regency tough; if he did not die actually on a battlefield he died as close to one as the excommunicated Rupert Brooke. It had to be admitted that Keats had a taste for pugilism, but then he was surrounded by perfectly dreadful friends. The fisticuffs belonged to the Kipps side of him; the poet read Shakespeare, loved Fanny Brawne and

died wanly in Rome, always a respectable city until its intellectual glories were dimmed by a violent addiction to football. Emily Brontë wrestled with mad dogs, but not, I think, for points. Critics distracted attention from Dickens's passion for leapfrog by emphasizing that he had the kind of sex-life proper to the better writers—which suggests that their views on the appetites of athletes were confused.

The rebels did not have it all their own way. There were those who tried to believe that they still lived in a world where the kind of book that was successful when you were twenty was still successful thirty years later. They clung to Sport as to a raft, though what Sport it should be rather worried them. Hunting was out because of the need to keep well in with readers likely to favour kindness to animals and thus be potential supporters of poems about birds, though many a wistful glance was thrown back to Trollope. The fierce rivalries in the literary world ruled out Rugger, with its opportunities for

incapacitating. Soccer was out of the question until the rise of Proletarian Literature in the Slump. The obvious game was Cricket, and for some years the writers were divided into those who remembered being beaten for dropping a catch and resenting it and those to whom Cricket represented all that was clean and unchanging. Sir James Barrie ran a team, the Allahakberries, that was gay about its lack of expertise and provided a charming opportunity for producing bibliographical rarities. Later, Sir John Squire ran a team of slightly less social and more athletic distinction. There developed an abnormal cult of normality. The novelist who wished to take his stand squarely among the better sellers preferred in public a pipe to cigarettes, beer to gin, dogs to children and cricket to the Arts, however intellectual his tastes in private.

Highbrows generally have a good deal of energy and a liking for the precise use of bodily skills: they felt the deprivation keenly. In private they swam as far as the poets of the Romantic Movement.



Like I. A. Richards and Michael Roberts they went in for mountaineering far more arduous and far more continuously dangerous than any game of village cricket. They invented games which had no resemblance to the games in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or *The Hill* but yet provided opportunities for cunning and the will to win: staying with Wells was particularly exhausting. Like Julian Symons they played table-tennis to championship standard. They drove fast cars and sometimes aeroplanes. They played percussion instruments in bands.

It was, to generalize a little, Ernest Hemingway and Roy Campbell who made the life of the body intellectually respectable. No tarpon was safe from Hemingway, no bull from Campbell. They did not flirt with death in private and writhe in ecstasy over the latest verse in public. They boasted as boldly as any old man in a club. Compared with the kind of things done by authors like this there was something a little tepid about being long-stop for the *London Mercury*. The best-sellers stuck to the Home Counties and laid heavy emphasis on their peacefulness: the highbrows went to Mexico and Indo-China and Melanesia. While the upholders of sanity and traditional art were prodding the turf, pruning the roses, encouraging their wives at the handloom and making slashing attacks on the unhealthiness and softness of modern aesthetes, the aesthetes were slashing at liana with machetes in British Guiana or sleeping ten a side on the Trans-Siberian railway. The leaders of advanced thought were growing beards as a protection against frostbite, not to conceal receding chins.

Meanwhile, the previous generation of highbrows had come down from the Universities, left the Left Bank for a Sixth Form and begun to get Head-masterships. Under their discouragement compulsory games began to die out. Even at the better schools the number of beatings per boy per day dropped sharply. Boys made their own recorders and formed little bands performing fantasias. Boys made the costumes for productions of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in modern dress. Boys grew sugar-beet and camped on the Banks of the Rhine and danced. The rebels sullenly hankered for that lost world of which they had read in

school stories, surreptitiously picked up in bookshops and skimmed before sale to American collectors. Why must they never know these esoteric joys? Were they never to cheer the last man in? Were the sports pages of *The Times* always to baffle them? Were they, alone among school generations, never to get twelve for burning a prefect's toast? Mr. Worsley had once, in one of the key-phrases of educational history, pointed out that the job before the schools was to reconcile intelligence and toughness.

The inspiration of Hemingway and the rebellion in schools flowed together, and the highbrows moved in on the public occupations of War and Sport. China, Abyssinia and Spain attracted poets and novelists, who learnedly discussed calibration and defence in depth, while lean brown men in Worthing envied the Führer's talent for water-colour. The revival of Sport overlapped with the revival of War and, perhaps, did not really get into its stride until the last few years. Then all the highbrows' industry and intellectual ruthlessness was turned on batting averages and



Roy Davis

League tables. No painter could be taken seriously who lacked a favourite Soccer team. Mr. Maeniece reported Rugger, Mr. Alan Ross Cricket. When Sir Herbert Read discusses the County Championship with Mr. Clive Bell before proceeding to the selection of pictures for an exhibition the worlds of Sport and Art have merged.

Meanwhile, here and there amid the scrubby young, little rebels of strong individuality are probably beginning the fight that will not succeed for a generation—militant lowbrows bitterly opposed to Art, the J. T. C. and Nets,

Don't Play Games with the Foreigner

DON'T play games with the foreigner, Daddy,

He's keener and he's meaner and less scrupulous than you;
He is apt to play all-in from a wicked wish to win;

He says he knows the rules, but it is very seldom true.

So don't go playing ball with the citizens of Gaul

Or rounders with such bounders as the burghers of Peru.

You can't play fair with the foreigner, Daddy,

He's almost bound to beat you, and it simply doesn't do.

Don't play games with the foreigner, Daddy,

He plays them very well, but has a different sort of mind.

Don't go playing Soccer with a tribesman from Morocco,

Who is just the sort of shocker who would trip you from behind.

Don't go running races with the men with yellow faces;

They have all the social graces, but are never really kind.

You can't play fair with the foreigner, Daddy,

He's sure to be successful, and it's best to be resigned.

Don't play games with the foreigner, Daddy,

He knows you made them up, but doesn't thank you for your pains.

His manner may be quiet, but it always ends in riot:

It's the different sort of diet, or the way in which he trains.

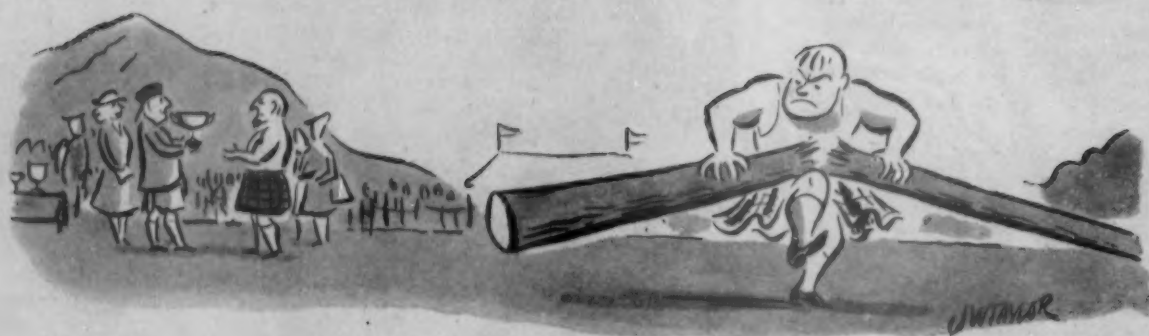
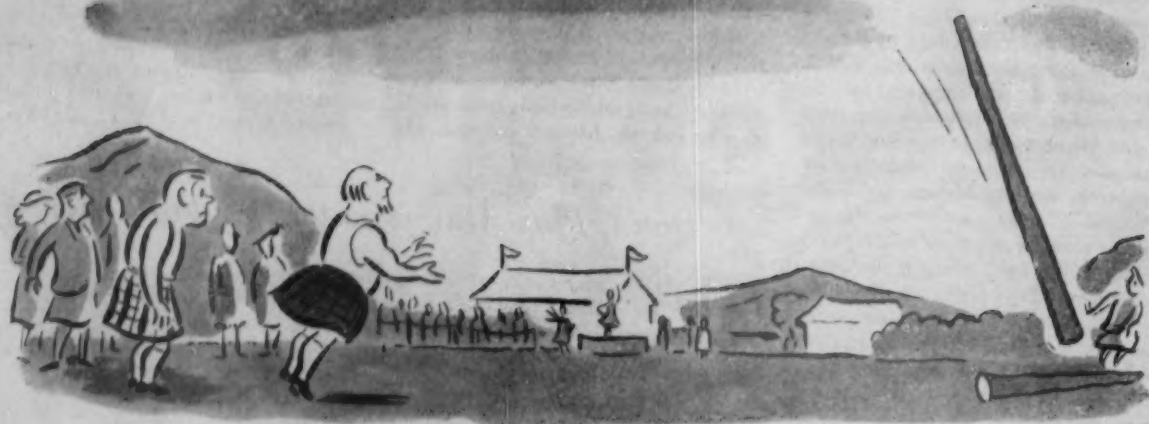
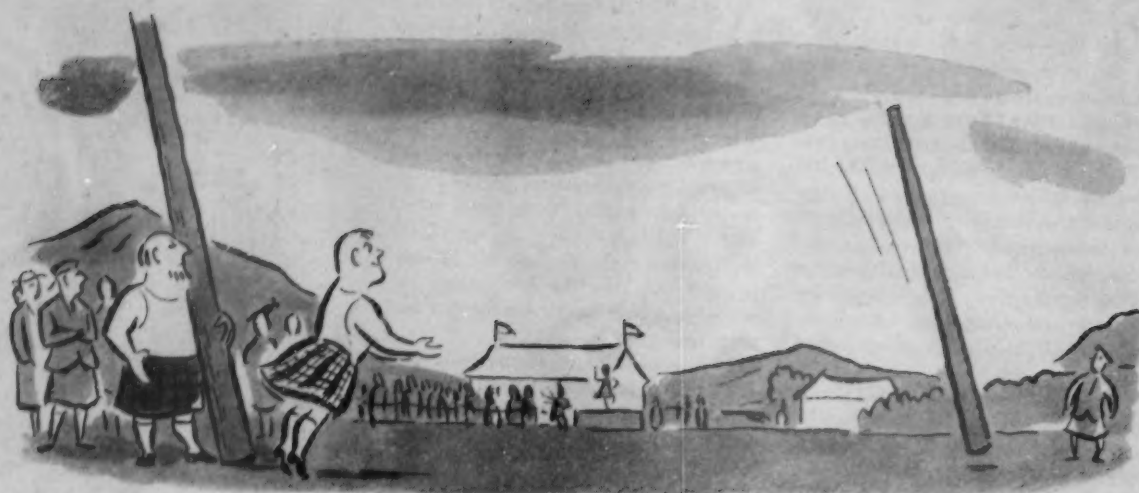
Don't go trading blows with the hardy Eskimos:

They tend to use their toes instead of boxing with their brains.

You can't play fair with the foreigner, Daddy.

It makes me sad to say it, but the sober fact remains.

P. M. HUBBARD





Vive la Différence!

IF one man, a craftsman, earns twice as much as a semi-skilled operative, who earns half as much again as an unskilled labourer, who receives £8 16s. for a forty-eight-hour week, find the value of the craftsman's differential and the relative strength of the unions.

I am putting this question to parents during this season of examinations and strikes; and to help them sort things out I append the following notes.

In a letter to *The Times* the other day Lord Beveridge reproduced figures to prove that engineering fitters on the Clyde gradually improved their "differential" over labourers between 1856 and 1903, in a period of expansion. By 1903 the margin was 18s. 8d. in the £: to-day it is merely four shillings. He also showed that between 1300 and 1535 the carpenters of Westminster earned double the pay of their labourers, though for a time after the Black Death the differential fell to almost thirty per cent.

The Economist however says substantially the opposite. In an article entitled "The Devaluation of Skill" it is suggested that differentials for skill have narrowed during periods of boom, expansion and inflation and broadened during slumps and bouts of deflation.

But do not allow your arithmetic to be upset by these apparent contradictions: economists are notoriously divided on all matters except the status of economists.

One thing is certain—that skill differentials have contracted fairly steadily over the past fifty years. In building, skilled workers now earn only fourteen per cent more than unskilled workers; in 1900 the differential was fifty per cent. In shipbuilding the margin of advantage is down from

92 per cent to 18 per cent, in engineering from 72 per cent to 16 per cent, and on the railways from 84 to 28 per cent.

Why? Is the move towards equality a product of our social revolution, or the result of inflation, mechanization or trade unionism? The Marxist (though not the Russian Communist) would argue that in our age of popular education all men are literate, all are capable of performing simple manual operations, all are equally important in the jig-saw pattern of production and all should be rewarded alike. And there are super-Marxists who contend that if anything the unskilled should be paid more than the skilled because they are condemned by the luck of the draw to work at the more tedious jobs.

In a capitalist state—modern Russia for example—differentials are upgraded

by ratiocination and ukase. The actual gap in productivity between skilled and unskilled, say the elders of the revolution, has narrowed: therefore the commodity called marginal skill has become scarce, therefore it should command a price consistent with its scarcity value. So high-grade Stakhanovites live in comfortable "dachas" and drive around in toothy Zim motors.

In the Western Democracies we still pretend that the rate for the job is determined, as it should be, by supply and demand, though we all know that vague appeals for "wage restraint" represent the Government's only policy for preserving the uneasy truce between the unions.

And now, back to your problem. Meanwhile, as the French say in another context, "*Vive la différence!*"

MAMMON



Long-Term Sire

IM beginning to think that agriculture may prove the dark horse of the twentieth century. Everybody keeps glancing apprehensively at Harwell, but nobody bothers to comment at what's going on at Seale-Hayne and Rothamsted Experimental Stations. And from what I learnt last week, the findings at agricultural centres like those may prove to have more disastrous results on humanity than all the discoveries of nuclear physicists put together.

About a month ago I received a printed circular from the local Artificial Insemination Centre, asking me for details of the calves born in my herd during the year which had been sired by a bull called Gregory Pickthorn. I knew that this particular bull had died over four years ago. I 'phoned the Centre and asked them if they had meant Gregory Malherbie, which was brought in to replace Pickthorn,

who was dead. Their reply was slightly confusing: "It's because Gregory Pickthorn has been dead for four years that we are interested in collating the details of the calves he sired last year."

I asked my cowman to show me the receipts which he gets whenever a cow is served. There it was in black and white, the late Gregory Pickthorn was down as covering every cow in my herd last year.

It all seemed very eerie; but there was no doubt in the dozen healthy young calves in the stockyard... A few days later when the vet. called in I asked him just what was going on in the stock-breeding world. "Is it true that dead bulls can now sire live cows?"

"Thanks to the deep freeze, it is," he said. "And we've got enough Gregory Pickthorn locked up to breed from him for the next twenty years."

"Would it remain fertile that time?"

"Longer. There's no reason why he shouldn't sire a calf three or four centuries from now. It works for humans too. Take you, for instance. I'm told that you're not a bad poet, but just think how much better you'd have been if your mother could have gone along to a genetic library and chosen either Homer or Dante to be your father. It would have been bound to have improved you."

"Very nice of you to say so. But couldn't Cleopatra have been my mother?"

"We're working on that now, but there are one or two difficulties."

RONALD DUNCAN



COURTESY AND DISCOURTESY

THE opening of Parliament is marked with its conventional courtesies and discourtesies. The discourtesies are that the Speaker-Elect has to be dragged in spite of pretended resistance from his place to the Speaker's Chair, that the door has to be locked rudely in the face of Black Rod. The former was indeed on this occasion a conventional discourtesy. Four years ago there was a certain feeling in Socialist ranks that the Speakership was the one position in the State which no Socialist had ever occupied, and an Opposition candidate was run against Conservative MORRISON. But, whatever

other reputations may be in dispute, there is no argument on any side of the House that "SHAKES" MORRISON has proved himself one of the great Speakers. This week his election was proposed by Sir PATRICK SPENS from the Conservative benches and seconded as warmly by the House's Father, Mr. DAVID GRENFELL, from the Socialists. There was no Opposition except Mr. MORRISON's own.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, and the Chamber on Tuesday for all its slight, if significant, change of composition, looked remarkably the same place as the old Chamber. A few of

"... those angel faces ... Which we have loved long since and lost awhile"—

notably that of Mr. BING—were conspicuous by their absence. Colonel BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, that sturdy statesman, had been temporarily lost in the post, to be restored on Thursday to his many friends amid general congratulations. Dr. DALTON alone, perched unfamiliarly upon a back bench which manifestly could not accommodate his legs, was conspicuous by his presence. Mr. BEVAN sat on a front bench but some eight places away from Mr. ATTLEE. Mr. EDE, meditating, as it later appeared, a letter which surely sets a record in rudeness even from one Socialist leader about another, hovered uncertainly.

The courtesy of the debate on the Queen's speech—to match the discourtesy of the Speaker's election—is that two Government back-benchers move and second the motion of thanks for the gracious Speech in speeches which by tradition must be non-controversial, and then the Leader of the Opposition must say how good these speeches were—irrespective of whether they were good or not. The House then gets down to business. On this occasion Mr. ATTLEE's tact and veracity were not at all strained, for Mr. SIMON and Mr. HARRISON acquitted themselves most competently.

But the best speech of all was the Speaker's own—a splendid exemplar for the dullards on both front and back benches.

A Little Speech

The debate on the Queen's Speech was opened in a peculiar atmosphere. The Gracious Speech usually comes in

November. This time it came in June, but the weather was determined to do its best to prevent us from noticing the difference. Supposing for the sake of argument and courtesy that anyone knew what the election was about two weeks ago, it is certain that no one knows to-day. The Queen's Speech is concerned with the legislation which the Government is proposing to introduce in the coming session. As in this case the Government does not propose to introduce any legislation of any moment, the answer there was, as the Prime Minister explained in a speech of some length, a lemon. "Secondary schools will be encouraged to provide a choice of courses," he explained in belated acknowledgment to *Oliver Twist*. The Copyright Law will be amended—which is, in fact, rather important, but only about twenty-five people in the world know why. Like Gilbert's House of Lords, Her Majesty's Ministers propose to do nothing in particular and do it very well—and there is much to be said for that if they can bring it off.

But as far as the debate went, there was, of course, more to it than that. Nobody cared much about the Government's legislative programme. It was truly, as Dr. KING, so much at home in the pages of Erasmus and Rabelais, said, "a delightfully vague document." But everybody was anxious to know whether there was any chance of the strikes coming to an end, and, though it was possible that one day Parliament might have a part to play in solving our industrial troubles if both Government and T.U.C. should fail, the moment of Thursday's debate was clearly the worst moment of all for saying anything



definite. Lord RUNCIMAN in Another Place was indeed at that very minute denouncing strikes as "brutal" and suggesting very sensibly that the most important remedy was to deal more quickly with demands before a strike situation had arisen. But the House of Commons was less constructive. Bertrand de Jouvenel has reminded us that, when we feel tempted to praise military efficiency, we must remember that an army has only another army to fight against. So it must never be forgotten to-day that the Conservative Party has only the Socialist Party to beat. Mr. ATTLEE said nothing with a poverty of vocabulary that would have made the Day of Judgment sound like a recitation of the fat-stock prices. Mr. TOM O'BRIEN, Parliament's own representative among the T.U.C. negotiators, like Brer Rabbit, "lay low and said nuffin." In the circumstances it was just too easy for Sir ANTHONY EDEN to make the point that the Socialist panacea of nationalization was a busted flush—believed in neither by Socialists nor by anybody else—that Socialism was a creed of the dead past—and to hold up "property-owning democracy" as the gospel of the future. No one seriously doubts that Socialism, in that sense, is dead. What they do wonder is whether "property-owning democracy" is going to mean anything as an alternative—and particularly how it fits in with the grisly threat to double our standard of living in twenty-five years by the peaceful use of atomic energy. Of this Sir ANTHONY told us nothing. So far as he was flogging the dead horse he was admirable. But no man ever



yet won the Derby by merely flogging a dead horse. It was when he came to the Queen's Speech that he was less clear.

Coming Up From Air

Then he did get on to the strike. As has been hinted there was not much that could usefully be said from either side. Had he or had he not in his broadcast laid down the doctrine that there could be no negotiations until there was first a return to work? What is and what is not a negotiation? From a few confused interchanges between the Prime Minister and Mr. ROBENS, it looked for one desperate moment that either one front bench or the other—no one was quite certain which—had really said something definite. But it was not so. The danger passed. The poor Members, like indeed the poor public, were left a little bewildered. They can understand having a class war, and they can understand not having a class war. But boxing a jellyfish is nobody's business. It is clear that no Government, Conservative or Socialist, is willing at any price to quarrel with the T.U.C. But it is equally clear that the T.U.C. has only a very limited authority over its members. "Workers of the world, unite" is the new slogan of the Tory party. For then at least they would know with whom they could negotiate. But

there seems little prospect of its happening. And in the meanwhile where do we go from here?

The immediate answer of most Members the moment that the Prime Minister sat down was "To tea." Dr. KING was left with only an exiguous audience, and indeed the rest of the debate did not amount to very much. There was protest against restrictive practices. Mr. HENRY PRICE complained of them and of the Government's conduct in the newsprint world.

And Waste-Paper Baskets

Mr. ELLIS SMITH, more oddly, complained that Members did not read the newsprint that was sent to them, for he had been round the wastepaper-baskets of the House picking out the envelopes and making a list of the names of Members who had thrown away a communication from his Union unopened. This is surely to add a new terror to the life of the unhappy Member if even his wastepaper-baskets are not sacred, and it was not surprising that soon after this the debate petered out shortly before eight o'clock and there was doubtless an unseemly rush to the Library to get at the wastepaper-baskets before Mr. ELLIS SMITH had made his further rounds.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





BOOKING OFFICE

B-ll--l M-n

Balliol Rhymes. Edited by W. G. Hiscock.
Printed for the Editor, 18 Squitchey Lane,
Oxford, 5/-

THE social status of dons has probably never been higher than at the present time. Indeed, nowadays, their situation might almost be compared with that of negroes in the nineteen-twenties, when no smart party could be considered complete unless at least one of them—and often two or three or even a whole company—were to be seen standing about conversing animatedly and sipping champagne, in their immaculate evening dress. If C. B. Cochran were still alive he would probably be considering the production of an All-Don Revue, on the lines of *Blackbirds*; and very enjoyable it would no doubt be. It is therefore of interest to trace the earlier stages of the don's emancipation from the obscurity of mere tuition and scholarship, into this more public—and perhaps in some ways more dangerously exposed—way of life.

Balliol Rhymes is a collection of poetical comment, nearly all in the same metre, written by seven undergraduates, on the contemporary Fellows, Scholars and Commoners of that college then at the peak of its fame. The Rhymes first appeared as a broadsheet in 1881, under the title *A Masque of B-ll--l*. It was suppressed on publication. The High Table naturally predominates, though there are also many interesting portraits of undergraduates. The tone is set by what is, on the whole, the best known—and certainly often misquoted—lines on the Head of the House:

First come I. My name is J-w-tt.
There's no knowl-edge but I know it
I am Master of this College.

What I don't know isn't knowl-edge.

This was written by H. C. Beeching who later became Dean of Norwich. Other contributors were J. W. Mackail, J. B. B. Nichols, Lord Sumner (formerly J. A. Hamilton), C. A. Spring-Rice, P. E. Matheson and L. F. Smith. After the verse on Jowett—and in strong competition with it for popularity, and

inaccuracy of quotation—is that dealing with Lord Curzon:

I am a most superior person, Mary,
My name is G--rge N-th-n--l C-rz-n,
Mary,

I'll make a speech on any political
question of the day, Mary,
Provided you'll not say me nay, Mary.

The variant of the last two lines, which



has acquired a certain undeniable orthodoxy, of course, runs:

My hair is soft, my face is sleek,
I dine at Blenheim once a week.

It is of interest to note that even so late as 1925 the Bodleian authorities were unwilling to allow a photograph to be made of the original broadsheet, by that time unobtainable, because Curzon, then Chancellor of the University, had taken this definition of his character so hard. The explanation of the evocation to Mary is that "there was a drawing, much circulated in the college, of Curzon—who had written in verse that he was joined to a suppositious Mary by a seal (*sigillum*)—standing with Mary in front of a seal (*phoca*), who joins their hands with his paws."

Spring-Rice, one of the undergraduate contributors, is thus depicted:

Can story-telling be a vice
When you've an uncle like Spr-ng-
R-ce?

My versatility is such
None likes me little, or knows me
much.

There is a variant of the first two lines:

All things to all men, I'm Spr-ng-R-ce,
I have not one redeeming vice.

From this gallery it is tempting to quote copiously, for the level is so high that first one, then another, seems to call for special mention. The severe discipline, exercised on technical grounds, may be judged by that the fact that the following lines were excluded, because only a single couplet, while the rest of the collection were quatrains:

I am —; I care for nothing
But my pink silk underclothing.

Paravicini, the Balliol don, is here, of whom many stories are told; perhaps the best known that, when a punt full of ladies passed accidentally through Parson's Pleasure, where he was bathing in a state of nature, he wrapped his towel round his head, hoping thus to avoid recognition.

What an oddity am I,
Little cynic P-r-vi,
Virgil I can shrilly render
Cock-a-hoop upon the fender.

There is much that is of interest, social and otherwise, in this volume, and Mr. Hiscock has done a service by putting these vignettes on record in a permanent manner. Reading the verses, it is hard not to feel that the glory has largely departed. There are twenty-two somewhat melancholy years from which the college must be reorientated: dregs of a mug of cocoa left on the table after a Fabian summer school. Let us hope the future will be more inspiring; perhaps more in the manner of these Rhymes. Collectors of rare items should look ahead and consider the possibilities of this little book. ANTHONY POWELL

Semi-Commercial

A Change of Climate. Stanley Kauffmann.
Secker & Warburg, 15/-

The Americans are much better than we are at what may be called without offensive intention the middlebrow novel, the novel that readably examines some part of the ground already explored without falling below the level at which

fiction loses touch with literature altogether.

Mr. Kauffmann's hero leaves teaching for business and then leaves business. His reasons provide the theoretical foundations of the novel, but the real interest is in its picture of the relations of social life and commercial life in the business world: Mr. Kauffmann is horribly good at describing hospitality between unequals. The hero is a dimmish bundle of sexual and ethical frustrations but the pressures on him are not dim at all, and because he holds a memory of being in the non-commercial world he reacts with observation where his fellow employees accept as a matter of course. Though there is nothing very deep and nothing very different from Mr. Marquand, the novel makes a very efficient serious entertainment.

R. G. G. P.

The Navigator. Jules Roy. Turnstile Press, 8/6

In this description of a short period in the wartime life of a navigator of a Free French Air Force Squadron, the central figure is the sole survivor of a mid-air collision almost over his home base when returning from a raid. His later refusal to fly with a pilot of questionable ability and subsequent voluntary flight with a pilot who had lost confidence reveal a typical continental temperament which is further emphasized in the conflict between patriotism and self-preservation and the choice of the camaraderie of service life and the pleasurable association with a world of love.

This novel does not reach the high standard expected from Jules Roy after the previous translations from his books describing the personal reactions and feelings of members of bomber crews. A.V.

The Spear. Louis de Wohl. Gollancz, 15/-

This is the story of Longinus, the centurion who pierced the side of Christ on the Cross. Readers may well be wary of novels dealing with the Instruments of the Passion, but this author, a careful scholar, can move among great themes without vulgarity. Perhaps he has yielded too easily to one temptation of the historical novelist, the urge to make his chief characters men of the first importance. Thus the centurion is the son of a general, and Sejanus himself intervened to drive him to serve in the ranks. The unrest in Palestine at that time seems also to be exaggerated; but if feeling was in that state, this is how high priests, Roman officials, and police agents would have felt and behaved. The author, who sticks faithfully to the Christian interpretation of events, quotes from Mgr. Knox's version of the Gospels, and thus avoids writing in two dialects at once, Jacobean and twentieth-century.

A. L. D.

The title of the book reviewed recently under the heading *Still Are Thy Pleasant Voices* is *Hilaire Belloc: a Memoir* (Hollis and Carter).



Watts

AT THE PLAY

Macbeth
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)
Tiger at the Gates (APOLLO)

PERVERSE of me, perhaps, but the Stratford witches coming down from the sky on a lift gave me the queasy feeling that one of them was about to cry "Sorcery, necromancy, thaumaturgy, next floor hoodoo, voodoo and vampirism." Mechanical illusions are full of danger in the theatre, and may easily have the wrong effect. These are not very good witches, and it is not a good production, although by GLEN BYAM SHAW, generally in Shakespeare so imaginative and reliable.

To start with, no self-respecting martlet would dream of building in ROGER FURSE's castle, a hideously unromantic place where variations on the spike have been allowed to run mad. More serious, the harassed nobles seem to feel surprisingly little urgency and terror either in their own fate or that of Scotland. They do not even fight with resolution. In a series of indeterminate performances the background excitement essential to the play escapes; LAURENCE OLIVIER is left almost singlehanded to save a very leaky ship, and almost does so.

Other Macbeths have moved me more, but few have been so interesting. He discards the idea of a decent barbarian pushed by ambition and a tigerish wife into waters too deep for him. This Macbeth, who goes to a good barber and is not hung about with old rugs, is a cold calculating intellectual; he knows very well what is happening to his honour, and even when events overtake him and he ceases to be master of his plans he can still be seen balancing the moral score, withdrawn in the full consciousness of his own tragedy. There are moments when this treatment is unconvincing, as in the reluctance of such a disciplined man to return with the daggers, and it makes the whole business of Duncan's murder curiously unstimulating; but it is always impressive as a study. In the banquet scene, where the producer finds his true form, Sir LAURENCE takes hold of us magnificently, and when Macbeth is trapped the melancholy grandeur with

which he speaks the great lines could not be bettered.

Although clearly miscast, VIVIEN LEIGH does more with Lady Macbeth than I expected. She burns brightly, but she cannot be a tigress. Acting against the grain of her personality she suggests some smaller, milder and even more beautiful creature driven unwillingly to stretch much tinier claws. She shows spirit, but she cannot suggest the animal power that would have bounced a fairly loyal general into butchering his king. Of the rest of the court the Macduffs, played by KEITH MICHELL and MAXINE AUDLEY, have the least reason for complaint.

JEAN GIRAUDOUX wrote *La Guerre de Troie N'Aura pas Lieu* twenty years ago, when its dialectic about war was right on the target. Since then we have not only heard a great many variations of the same arguments but the cobalt bomb has given the choice between war and peace a finality which has made any difference of opinion futile. To that extent the play has lost its original sting, and although eloquently translated by CHRISTOPHER FRY into *Tiger at the Gates*, its theme now appears old-fashioned. As a piece of dramatic discussion, however, that depends on the sharp clash of minds, it is still a good play, though to me not so striking as to some other critics. It is written with fine precision, with lightness and a nimble intelligence; but I found it not as witty as I had been led to expect, and the intellectual excitement of the second act is worked up to rather slowly.

For all the old idiotic reasons—that war is stimulating, and profitable, and fun

J. JEFFERSON FARJEON

We record with much regret the death last week of J. Jefferson Farjeon, a contributor to these pages for many years. His inimitable creation Smith Minor first appeared in 1940, at the age of eleven, and made his last bow in 1951, still, apparently, at the age of eleven.

—the Trojans are prepared for further battle to keep Helen. Hector, sick at last of carnage, talks them all down on their own ground; and when he has removed the final obstacle to peace, by melting the weary cynicism of Ulysses, the Trojans are after all plunged into war by an accident no sillier or more momentous than those with which history is strewn. It makes a perfect comment on man's attempts to regulate his affairs, and as such it still bites.

The play is very well produced by HAROLD CLURMAN, and beautifully decorated by LOUDON SAINTHILL. MICHAEL REDGRAVE gives a superbly varied performance as Hector, ranging with mastery from tenderness to passion and always admirably clear-headed. He has done nothing better for some years. LEUREN MACGRATH's wise-cracking Cassandra, BARBARA JEFFORD's Andromache, DIANE CILENTO's Helen (very much my notion of her) and JOHN LAURIE's crazy poet are all sound, but the second performance that stands out is WALTER FITZGERALD's Ulysses, a seasoned old poker player.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas *Growing Up* (Globe—8/6/55), even better than his Dickens. *The Reluctant Debutante* (Cambridge—8/6/55), William Douglas Home on the Season. *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55), brightly bigamous. ERIC KROWN

AT THE CABARET

Marlene Dietrich
(CAFÉ DE PARIS)

MAGIC seems to be the word for MARLENE. Other entertainers have certainly walked (does she walk, or does she somehow float, or are there wires?) down this staircase, and have sung, crooned and whispered songs through this microphone. But how many other have held the resplendent audience so delicately, so cunningly, as it were in their two hands, and played with them a little while, and left them calling quite so plaintively for more? She sings a dozen songs, some in English, some in German, some in French, and one ("Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road") in her own jaunty version of Cockney which seemed to amuse her as much as the customers. A dozen songs, then, each with a word or two of modest or knowing introduction: a change of costume, from an evening gown to the famous top hat and tails; an occasional business-like sip of water; a neatly timed *ad lib* in a reply to a gentleman in what serves as the gods: a few simple-looking gestures, none held for a second too long: that subtly roving eye: that expression saddened with the yearning of all the lovers in the world, changing in a flick of the eyelid into something irresistibly mischievous, something with a hint of sumptuous naughtiness: and what else? Only magic, surely—the magic of a subtly controlled performer.

For Miss DIETRICH is more than a legend. We who grow old, as she does not, may find our critical eyes softened by nostalgia when we hear that quiet, not quite husky voice sing "Falling In Love Again"—but what of this modern song, about bangles and bobbles? She handles it beautifully. She makes it seem emotionally important. And we are surprised, perhaps, to find that she is a great deal more than simply a part of our past.

There is no need for surprise. In conversation off-stage (if the word "off-stage" can possibly apply to the OLIVER MESSEL suite at the Dorchester) Miss DIETRICH reveals herself as a shrewd, hard-working professional, who knows a good deal more about the bare bones of acting technique than might be supposed, so artless does her own performance seem. She is also very ready to talk about Papa Hemingway ("he makes jokes all the time, and people don't realize"), or English weather ("I even love fog"), or her work in the fight against polio, or (with devastating intelligence) theatre critics. Or, of course, food. Her eyes practically fill with tears at the mention of boiled beef or Irish stew, and it did not seem at all out of place that our chat should be interrupted by the entrance of a middle-aged gentleman well-wisher bearing as a gift a suet pudding, with raisins, placed ceremoniously on a platter. It was warm, and delicious, and rather filling. That such a fabulous, ethereal creature should relish roly-poly above all food ("I had an English governess") seems, to say the least, improbable. But Miss DIETRICH is improbable.

And so, in her own way, is Miss NANCY SPAIN, who introduced the act last Wednesday night. She included Miss DIETRICH in a list of names which also numbered the Pope and Dr. Edith Summerskill. I forget why, but it was witty, and Miss DIETRICH gave her a white carnation. ALEX ATKINSON

AT THE OPERA

Le Nozze di Figaro
(GLYNDEBOURNE)



THE coming-of-age season at Glyndebourne started lamely. From where I sat, at any rate, the *Figaro* overture listed appallingly from an overweight of woodwind. Sometimes it was the bassoons that intruded. There seemed a plot afoot to have GWYDION BROOKE, the talented leader of this section, turn the piece into a concerto. At other times it was the oboes' turn to have their inner parts blown up. I could have sworn that TERRY MACDONAGH was playing at tonics and dominants in the stall behind me.

Now it is clear that the overture cannot have sounded at all like this to VITTORIO GUT, the conductor. I can only conclude that when it comes to orchestral acoustics this otherwise heavenly theatre is



Macbeth—LAURENCE OLIVIER

[Macbeth

something of a mantrap. Once a mantrap is spotted something should be done about it.

As soon as the voices got under way the orchestral patterns sorted themselves out. They were, in the main, voices worth hearing. In a highly rococo chamber disfigured by an unaccountable line of washing (OLIVER MESSEL's sole lapse; for the rest his designs are neat and sweet), the Susanna (ELENA RIZZIERI) sang her opening gambits a bit shakily (she shone later), the Figaro, SESTO BRUSCANTINI, his with plump aplomb and a festive smile. IAN WALLACE's vast, pleasing voice is not strictly in Bartolo's character. Dodderers are never as stentorian as that. Still, I would not have it otherwise. The producer, CARL EBERT, has contrived to give MONICA SINCLAIR (Marcellina) a spanking new personality, not an altogether convincing one in this context. Her voice is brighter and better used than we have often heard it at Covent Garden. As Basilio, HUGUES CUENOD puts on his usual eerie act, plus a vocal line in platinum wire. FRANCE BIBLE's Cherubino is a good try.

What gave the night stature was SENA JURINAC's Countess (pure glory, after a tentative start with *Porgi amor*) and the Almaviva of FRANCO CALABRESE, a young newcomer with a voice rather too dark and low for this part but always compelling to see and hear even when off Mozart's beam.

Altogether this newly-designed and newly-cast production, of which CARL EBERT has charge on the stage, worthily marks Glyndebourne's twenty-first birthday. Allowance made for the fiasco of the overture, the opening evening, with the sun auspicious on the gardens and the outlying downs, elated everybody.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

Marty—*The Far Horizons*

THE strength of *Marty* (Director: DELBERT MANN) lies in the way it is done: in the writing, the acting, the direction, the attention to detail, the visual imagination that together give a mysteriously compelling quality to what is essentially a very simple story, composed of absolutely ordinary incidents, concerning quite unremarkable people. This is about a good-natured but physically unprepossessing little man, a butcher living with his Italian mother in the Bronx, and resigned (at the age of thirty-five) to the prospect of never marrying because no girl would ever find him tolerable, let alone attractive. In outline, the film does no more than introduce him to us and then show how he meets a girl in a roughly similar situation... with eventually happy results for both of them; and yet the whole thing is absorbing, touching and in places extremely funny.

ERNEST BORGNINE is admirable as the central figure: the way he conveys the



(Marty)

Marty Piletti, a good butcher—ERNEST BORGNINE

anxious, pathetic good-nature of Marty and makes him a thoroughly likeable character is something of a revelation to those of us who have seen him only in unsympathetic or minor-villain parts. BETSY BLAIR as the girl has less to do, but she too beautifully manages to suggest the depth of a genuine character. (She is supposed to be a very ordinary plain girl, but the fact that this idea gets over at all may be put down to acting and the absence of "glamorising" make-up, for even in a story that depends on it Hollywood will not, of course, venture to make a heroine of a really plain girl.)

But there is nothing else about the film that recalls Hollywood; the atmosphere is astonishingly close to reality. The circumstances shown, as I say, are all perfectly commonplace. Some allowance must be made for the overtone of strangeness about U.S. surroundings for an English audience, but the "Stardust Ballroom" where the pair meet, the bars, the city streets, the living-rooms and front porches and early-morning bath-rooms and shops where other scenes are set—these are all convincingly the U.S. equivalents of such places here, and their lack of the customary Hollywood gleam makes it easier for the two central figures to establish themselves as ordinary nice people. This they triumphantly do: it is their story, and a very pleasant one. There are many good minor performances, the most memorable being ESTHER MINCIOTTI's as the mother who long pesters Marty to marry but has second thoughts when he says he has found a nice girl. "Nice? She don't look Italian to me."

With the only other feature film of the week we are back to conventional Holly-

wood values: *The Far Horizons* (Director: RUDOLPH MATÉ), though ostensibly a semi-historical work about the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, resolves itself into a story of two men and two girls of proved popular appeal (FRED MACMURRAY, CHARLTON HESTON, DONNA REED and BARBARA HALE).

The strength of this one is really visual. Technicolor and VistaVision provide a feast for the eye as they follow the Lewis-and-Clark expedition that was sent by Jefferson to explore and map the U.S.'s newly-acquired territory. What we are apparently supposed to be interested in is some kind of emotional tangle (both Lewis and Clark love Julia Hancock, who is waiting in Washington, but Clark transfers his affections to a beautiful Indian girl), but it was the film's pictorial magnificence alone that kept me watching it for as long as I did.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The new musical version of *Daddy Long Legs* (very much adapted: the girl is now French—LESLIE CARON—and the man being FRED ASTAIRE, his "hobby" is dancing and beating the drums) has plenty of good things. With *The Far Horizons* is a twenty-minute short, *Assignment Children*, in which DANNY KAYE describes the work of U.N.I.C.E.F., the U.N. Children's Fund, in the Far East. The pleasing French film *I Have a New Master* (8/6/55) continues, and *The Dam Busters* (1/6/55), and *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55).

Not one of the new releases was noticed at length here, but *Five Against the House* is a very good thriller, worth looking out for. RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Brave New Faces

IT is not difficult to agree with most of the points made by J. B. Priestley in his *Radio Times* introduction to the new series "You Know What People Are." He wants intimate revue on television to be intimate; he wants acting "to suggest charades rather than the Old Vic"; he wants TV to present entertainment "not out of place on the domestic hearth" and to avoid the "grand and pretentious." And he wants more experimental programmes.

So far, so good. But Mr. Priestley goes on to say that he has "tried to plan, work out, and write these programmes essentially for their appearance" on the screen—"No other medium would have done. They would not be effective in a book or a series of essays. They move too fast for the stage. They are also too intimate for the stage, even too intimate for the film..." Now these are pretty sweeping claims, and after reading them viewers are switching on their sets on Wednesday nights agape with excitement. Mr. Priestley, they know, is renowned for his experiments; this time, surely, we shall get away from dreary patter, from dull Light Programme variations on old, old themes. This time, surely, we shall have no tiresome jokes about Civil Service jargon, old bores, cocktail party chatter, Martians, bearded and bumptious art critics and the rest. This time, surely, we can expect quality and subtlety and experiment.

Well, this viewer at least is sadly disappointed with "You Know What People Are." I suspect that Mr. Priestley is not very familiar with the B.B.C.'s bag of tricks, the routine stuff churned out by its giggle of comics, and I am amazed that his producer should allow him to offer



BERNARD BRADEN

J. B. PRIESTLEY

chestnuts in the guise of "experiments." These monologues, duologues and sketches are, of course, somewhat neater and more polished than those to which we are accustomed, but basically they are the good old has-beens of the humorous magazines, the light essay, the radio, the cinema and the stage.

In an attempt to adapt these snatches of light entertainment to the screen, to write them "essentially for their appearance," Mr. Priestley has made liberal use of false noses, spectacles, wigs and other items stored in the chest in the attic. He employs only four actors (though he himself makes a more than useful fifth stooge and bit-player in most of the turns) and they all handle their limited opportunities competently. Clive Morton, Natasha Parry, John Stratton and Frances Rowe make a versatile quartet on television: unfortunately they would, with this material, prove at least as versatile and effective on sound radio.

Another weekly series to kick off indifferently is "Bath-Night With Braden," a television translation of

Bernard Braden's successful sound radio shows. I like this team of Ronald Fletcher, Benny Lee, Pearl Carr and Nat Temple and his orchestra, and I find its verbal humour very pleasing in small doses. The show is put over casually, almost laconically; the performers rather than their audience are the tired business men, and Braden himself works through his script with engaging nonchalance. This is as it should be, for the material is featherweight, insubstantial stuff that will not stand analysis or deliberation.

Viewers have learned to become apprehensive when variety announces a "sketch," for TV sketches are apt to register the nadir of the script-writer's afflatus. This is the moment when the fun peters out, the comics don elaborate costume (or dressing-gowns: there is an unseemly vogue in dressing-gowned comedians just now) and try their hand at character acting. Padding. Well, Braden's team frequently announces its intention to slip into a one-act playlet and then very cleverly allows the thing to explode harmlessly in next to no time. In other words, the viewer is first cast down and then made to feel intense relief, and relief from tedium is a pretty good substitute for humour where television is concerned.

My chief grouse is that this programme, like Priestley's, is not really telegenic. It is merely sound radio in vision, and therefore not good enough. We make allowances for the comics of steam radio, lend them only half an ear as we fill pipes, glance through *Radio Times* or knit. But with television we are too close to be inattentive. We hear all and see all, every damp squib, chestnut, and weak link, and every scrap of upholstery.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

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"What about the guarantee?"

GOOD SWISS WATCHES ARE GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. The purpose of this guarantee is to give you a year in which to prove that your watch is free from the slightest defect in material or manufacture.

If a dealer offers you a watch with a longer guarantee, remember the length of a guarantee does not prove the quality of the watch. So when you choose a new watch, go to your jeweller, knowing the quality of the Swiss jewelled-lever watches he is offering you, he knows that a one-year guarantee is sufficient. And only through your jeweller can you be sure of expert help while you choose — sure of a watch in perfect condition — sure of expert servicing afterwards.

*Your jeweller's knowledge
is your safeguard*



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



The Heart of a good Watch

These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

HINTS ON WISE BUYING



Buy the best quality Down filling which will retain its buoyancy indefinitely. It will be used again when you have the Cushion or Quilt re-covered



(we do them beautifully and inexpensively ask to see patterns)

remember—
ACHILLE SERRE
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Quality Cleaning

Suits, Coats, Dresses 4/11

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or write Walthamstow, E.17

Golf Course
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Beach or Pool
use your

SKOL
Sun Lotion

the golden rule

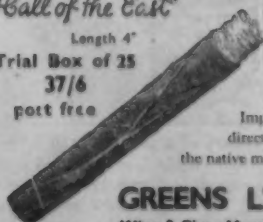


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Trial Box of 25
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direct from
the native makers.

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May we quote you for your Wine, Spirit and Cigar requirements?

a luxury you can afford



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PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY

Through expresses from London, the Midlands and the North. Write for full details to the Manager, George Conquest F.H.C. Tel. 2271.



HORSE SENSE

"I have a vague feeling, Wilfred, that I dreamt the name of the winner last night. Would there be a horse called Forked Lightning in the big race?"
"There wouldn't, Bill. That was the name of a bland concoction the barman mixed you just before closing time."
"Then what about Kensington Kitty?"

"The landlord's bulldog. And to put your tortured mind at rest, the barmaid's name was Emily. Feel like a drink?"
"Intensely. I have a strong hunch about gin and Rose's Lime Juice in a series of doubles."
"Bill—your form is improving. After two or three gin and Rose's I shall await your nap selection for the 4.15."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
for Gin and Lime

Short Drink: ½ GIN, ½ ROSE'S LIME JUICE Long Drink: FILL UP WITH SODA



A Rare
Compliment
to your
Palate

BISQUIT DUBOUCHE & CO
COGNAC

CAPITAL INVESTMENT!

2¾%*
TAX PAID

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- COMPLETE SECURITY
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Rayner's

INDIAN
**MANGO
CHUTNEY**



At all good Grocers

The
3 R's
REST

RELAXATION and
RECREATION

under ideal conditions.

**SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
MATLOCK Derbyshire**

The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to—THE MANAGER

This fine British Cigar, introduced many years ago, is more popular than ever today.

**CARASADA
INTERMEZZOS**

Elegant shape
5½ inches long,
as illustrated.

Delicate aroma and
charming flavor

A Sample Box of
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GREENS LTD.,

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roofs then—

Everyone knows that an igloo—virtually all roof—is made with blocks of snow. But the finishing is interesting: the Eskimo woman seals the door with a block of ice and lights a blubber lamp.

The heat partially melts the snow blocks and moisture courses down the curve of the walls. Then she thrusts out the block of ice—when the sudden inrush of freezing air sets the igloo into a sealed dome of enormous strength.

Redland tiles

good—for 50 years and more



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the roof now—

Tiled of course with **Redland** tiles: tiles that combine the beauty of traditional patterns with the most modern, economical and enduring materials (every tile is guaranteed for 50 years!). Leading architects specify **Redland** for buildings in town or country: ask *your* architect or builder about **Redland** tiles.

Houses at Potters Bar
built by Catchpole & Co Ltd Potters Bar





Insist on **KUNZLE Art Dessert**

... like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham, England

ME-10-74

FLOODLIT VISIBLE COOKING

The Belling "Streamline" is superb both in appearance and performance. It has a full-size inner glass door which takes all the guesswork out of cooking. Moreover, the oven is automatically floodlit when the outer door is open so that you really can see what's cooking! All the controls are so simple, there is nothing complicated about Belling electric cooking.

Automatic oven control.
Extra large oven—clear cooking space 15" w. x 13" d. x 16" h.
Automatic simmering controls on grill, boiler and 2 boiling plates. Fold-down hob cover forms useful table top. Available on wheels for easy cleaning 55/- extra.
And it costs only

£49.10.0.

See one at your Electrical Shop or Showroom

FREE! Write to Belling & Co. Ltd. Bridge Works, Enfield, Middlesex, for 64-page colour catalogue of Belling electric fires and cookers—it's full of useful information about electricity in the home.

you can't beat a

"Belling"

CHC 155

*A door
to store
more...*



...in the latest

Electrolux FAMILY REFRIGERATOR

sized and priced for
the majority of homes

55 gns.
(tax paid)

Gas or Electric models

This roomy Electrolux will guard all your 'perishables'—with space to spare. Two useful door shelves complete its well planned storage arrangements. Built for long, dependable *silent* service this latest Electrolux excels with many features—at a family man's price. Be sure to see it soon.

- Shelf area 5 sq. ft. Adjustable shelves.
- Door shelves give handy storage.
- Flexible 'quick-releaser' of ice cubes.
- Permanently silent operation by electricity, gas, paraffin or bottled gas.
- Cooling unit guaranteed for 5 years.
- Favourable H.P. terms.

Electrolux

Excels...



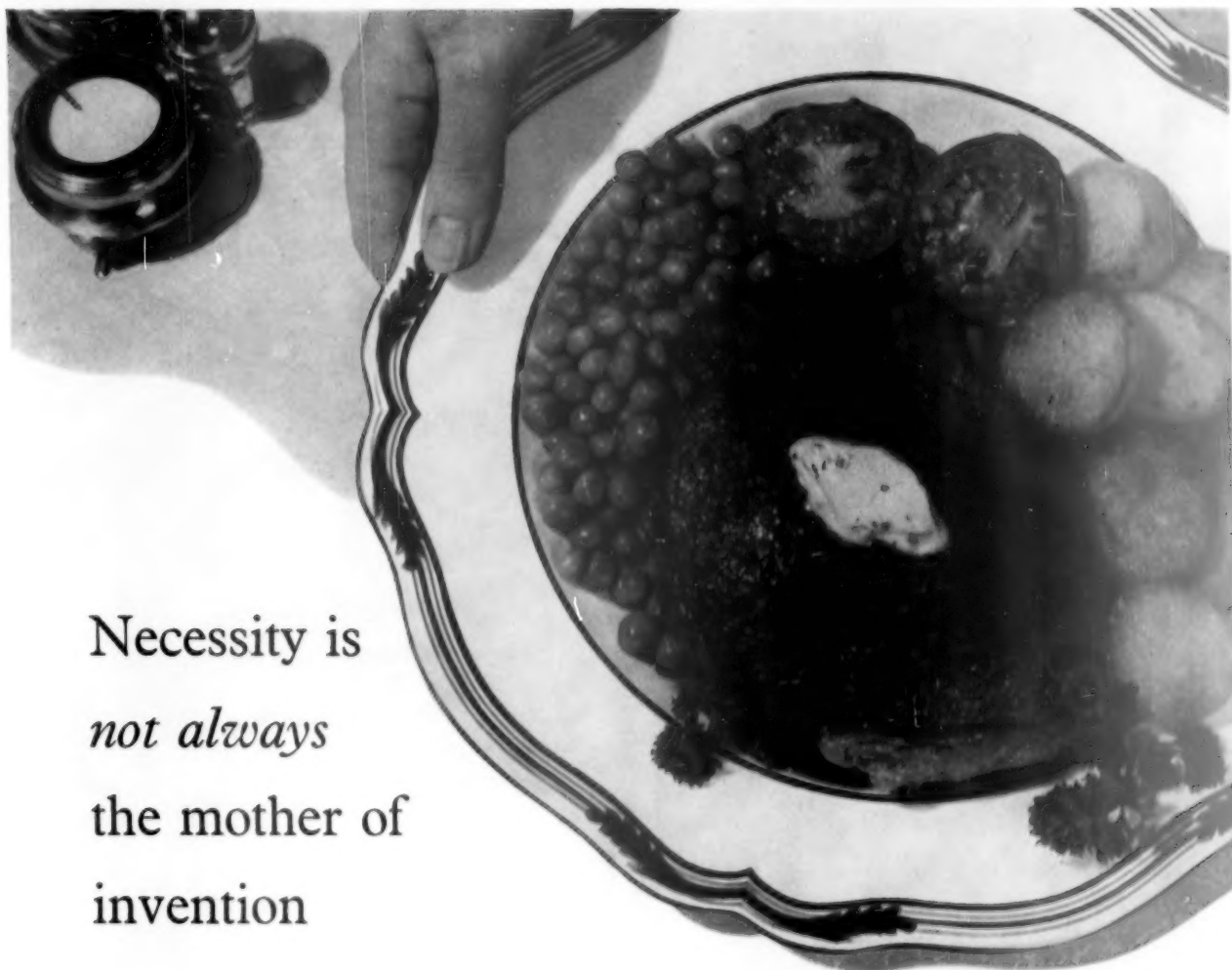
By Appointment
Refrigerator Makers
to His Majesty King George VI



By Appointment
Refrigerator Makers
to Her Majesty Queen Mary II

ELECTROLUX LTD.

153/155 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



Necessity is
not always
the mother of
invention

Invention is simply an urge born into some few people in each generation. Take meat. Nothing is pleasanter than a medium-rare steak, say, with a lump of butter melting on top. But for centuries people used to eat their meat raw. When they discovered the principles of cooking, then cooking seemed a necessity . . . like railways, today, and electricity and pneumatic tyres. Like Dunlopillo, too. Before 1927 people cheerfully sat on wood benches or hard-packed cushions in buses and trains, and talked about the comfort of modern travel. But when a team of scientists in

the Dunlop laboratories made their revolutionary discovery of the foamed latex that later became Dunlopillo, people's whole conception of comfort was altered. Now, more than 25 years afterwards, Dunlopillo comfort, in the home, in transport, in cinemas, theatres, and public buildings—is as much a necessity of modern living as cooking or railways. But necessity was not the motive for this revolution in comfort. It was due to the pioneer spirit of the Dunlop Company, always looking to the future, making practical plans for a better world.

DUNLOP *makes things better for everyone*

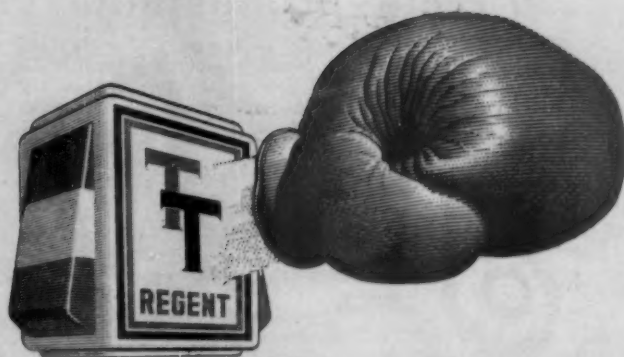
The advertisement features a woman from behind, standing between two large, light-colored electric washers. She has her arms outstretched towards the machines. The background is dark with several circular icons containing letters and symbols. The word 'Servis' is written in a stylized font on the front of both machines. At the bottom, the text 'The magic word for washing' is written in a cursive script.

Servis

The magic word for washing

One claim only—

**THERE IS
NO BETTER
PETROL**



**REGENT
PACKS PUNCH!**

T.T.16

see it dirty



see it clean

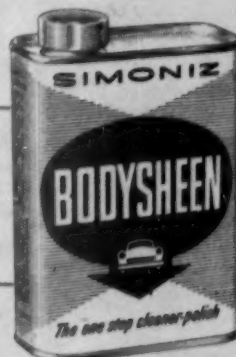


speed-polishing
with

BODYSHEEN

BODYSHEEN—the quickest quick cleaner-polish! Nothing faster! No need to wash your car.* Just wipe on Bodysheen—let it dry—wipe it off—then stand back and admire the gleaming brilliant shine. Bodysheen has its own built-in cleaner; in one step this miraculous new emulsion rolls off dust, dirt, traffic haze. It's better than washing. Bodysheen is the one-step polish that gives the quickest, brightest shine. Don't slog all day cleaning your car—do it in minutes instead. Get Bodysheen today!

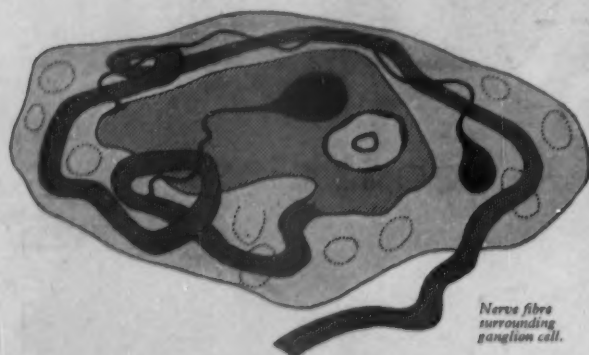
* Only where there's hard gritty grime and mud need you wash down with clean water first.



**cleans and
polishes *fast***

Simoniz (England) Limited

Your Nerves can make you irritable



In nearly every case when normally healthy people become irritable and bad tempered, the trouble can be traced to "nerves". If you or anyone in your family suffers from spells of irritability, then here is help indeed.

How Sanatogen overcomes "nerves"

A healthy, efficient nervous system depends upon the proper functioning of your nerve cells. If these do not receive enough protein and phosphorus, they "starve", retarding the normal growth of new nerve tissue. To build up their activity, Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By this vigorous tonic action, Sanatogen strengthens and stabilizes your nervous system, thus helping to overcome "nerves".

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen has an exceptional tonic effect.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms—excessive worrying, depression, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

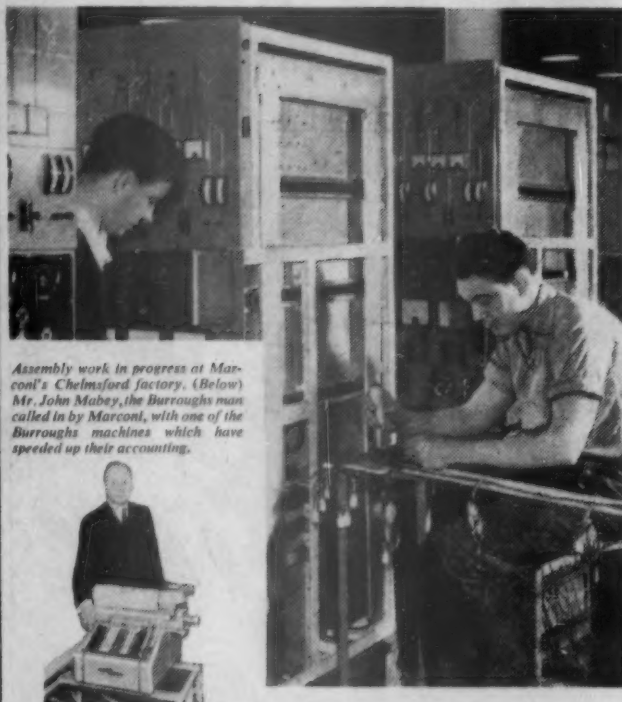
From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.



Assembly work in progress at Marconi's Chelmsford factory. (Below) Mr. John Mabey, the Burroughs man called in by Marconi, with one of the Burroughs machines which have speeded up their accounting.

This man helped Marconi gear their accounting to rising production

HE IS ONE of Burroughs' world-wide team of mechanized accounting consultants. This is the story:

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company Limited export radio, electronic and heavy television equipment to the world. The demand for Marconi products increases every month.

At their Chelmsford factory, they needed to expand their accounting procedures in order to cope with the mass of extra work.

Marconi's decided to call in the Burroughs man, an experienced consultant on all accounting and record-keeping systems. Mr. John Mabey is the specialist sent by Burroughs.

A FULL ANALYSIS

Working closely with the Deputy Chief Accountant at Chelmsford, Mr. Mabey applied his experience to the problem. After a full analysis of the existing system they evolved a new plan, based on the speed and versatility of Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines.

The plan was adopted. Now all Marconi's accounting is in line with their increased production. And

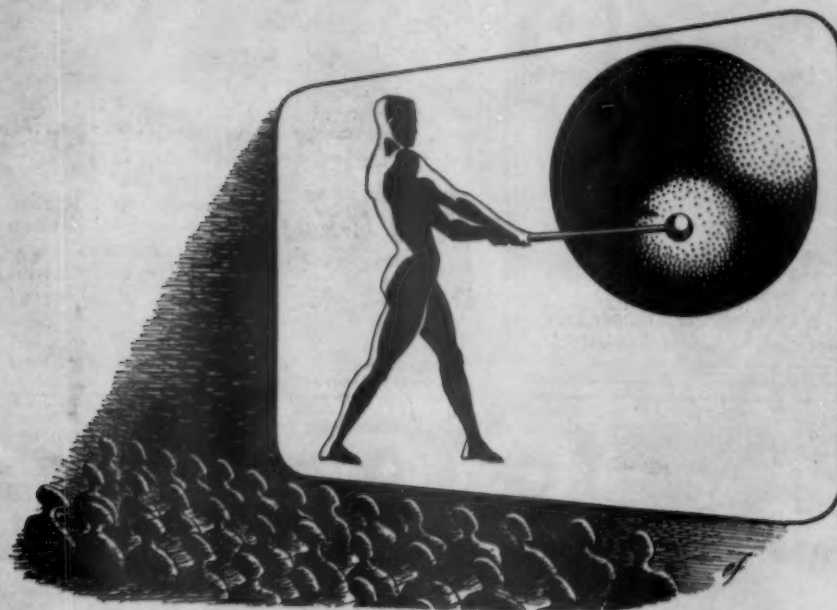
Works Payroll is completed in less than a day; the same machines take Salaried Staff Payroll in their stride. Costing is now done on a single 15" card which shows eight running totals, hours, labour, overheads, purchased materials, manufactured materials, processes, aggregate balance and net balance.

Whatever your business, large or small—if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. He will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical and workable solution. If he thinks no change is advisable he will frankly say so. But if he does recommend a change he will plan the new routine in detail, and see that you always get the full benefit from any Burroughs machine you install. Call in the Burroughs man as soon as you like—you're committed to nothing and his advice is free.

Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

For specialist advice on mechanized accounting methods

call in the **Burroughs** man



The Man-with-the-Gong is a Symbol...

... of every aim and every achievement of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. It means that we welcome the opportunity which exists in Britain to adventure into commerce — with a target whose attainment must be good for the country and good for all whose interests or whose work is with the Organisation

The man-with-the-gong symbolises our plans to offer the finest in screen entertainment; to promote British pictures to match the best that other countries have to offer; to give to millions of people overseas the opportunity to see our films and so learn something of British living, British thought, British character — and British goods.

To accomplish this two-fold purpose we have built up a British film enterprise which produces, distributes and exhibits a major programme of first feature films every year: a film enterprise which operates worldwide, helping to draw the free nations nearer to Britain and strengthening the ties between Britain and the Commonwealth.

The man-with-the-gong is a symbol of our determination to keep abreast of the times — both in thought and in technical developments.

We are proud to have been pioneers in many fields of production, distribution, exhibition and the manufacture of components (from cinema seats to electronic equipment for cinema television) designed to serve the needs of the British Film Industry.

The man-with-the-gong is a guarantee of first-class entertainment. He represents progress in the British Film Industry. He symbolises our confidence in the present and our faith in the future.



The J. Arthur Rank Organisation Ltd. includes:
Some 550 Odeon and Gaumont cinemas.

Pinewood Studios . . . producing an annual programme of 15 British feature films.

Danham Laboratories . . . processing 700 miles of film a week.

J. Arthur Rank Film Distributors Limited . . . with an unrivalled service to domestic exhibitors and thus to cinemagoers.

J. Arthur Rank Overseas Film Distributors . . . taking British films to the cinemagoers of the world.

J. Arthur Rank Screen Services . . . covers screen advertising, documentary films, television advertising and television programmes.

Gaumont-British and Universal Newsreels . . . bringing up-to-the-minute screen reports on current events to filmgoers at home and abroad.

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Bush Radio . . . making the renowned Bush radio and television sets.

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Parkinson's
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EST. 1917
1, PARKINSON & SON, DONCASTER, UNITED KINGDOM



Wherever you go, the wide world over,
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awaiting you like a friendly gesture from home.
Prepared in Scotland from the recipe
of Bonnie Prince Charlie, Drambuie is renowned
across the oceans and continents of the world
as the liqueur of subtle and unvarying excellence.

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A Welsh
Coxswain



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every time a lifeboat puts to sea.
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M-W. 56

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a fig for the forecast

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**MAKES EVERY DAY A GOOD DRYING DAY
—WHATEVER THE WEATHER**

'INDOOR SUNSHINE' . . . Hooray! At last you can laugh at the whims of the weather on washday and everyday.

Let it rain, let it pour, the Tumbler Dryer makes its own 'indoor sunshine', dries even your daintiest things with kid-glove care!

NOW IT'S WET, NOW IT'S DRY . . . Your wash—sheets, towels, nappies—goes right into the Tumbler Dryer straight after wringing. Just set the simple control . . . and that's that! While you take things easy or get ahead with other jobs, your wash is gently tumbled dry in an electrically warmed breeze—damp-dry for ironing or bone dry—as

you choose. When time's up—and it very quickly is—the Dryer switches itself off automatically.

THINK WHAT IT SAVES YOU . . . No heavy loads to carry in and out of doors. No clothes-horse, no pegs, no washing lines, no waiting on our unpredictable climate. Now you can get your wash dry whatever the weather!

See the Tumbler Dryer demonstrated at your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorized Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Attractive Hire Purchase terms are available. Cash price £50.0.0. Plus Purchase Tax £19.10.0.

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BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING



The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Domestic Appliance and Television Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool 10.

**the "smallest room" needs the
strongest cleaner**

—every single day!



Every day, your "smallest room" needs a cleaner *strong* enough to scour right round the S-bend, killing germs and biting into stains!

Harpic is made specially strong to do just this job, and to keep the bowl gleaming white — safely, without harming the porcelain. Also, Harpic deodorizes and freshens the whole room. There are two sizes of Harpic — 1/6 & 2/6.

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PERFUMED OR PLAIN REGD.

**specially strong
and safe for the lavatory**

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL

NOW is the time to
look at your home



**AND SAVE YOUR
FURNITURE & WOODWORK FROM
BEING EATEN AWAY BY THIS INTRUDER**

Look at your furniture, in your cupboards and at your floorboards — if you see small piles of wood dust or holes (pinhead size) then you must act quickly. Woodworm grubs are active in the wood and can cause expensive damage in a short time. Brush and inject Rentokil

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**RENTOKIL
TIMBER FLUID KILLS WOODWORM**

Sizes 4 oz. to 1 gal., and in Complete Outfit comprising 16 oz. R.T.F. and injector 10s. 6d. Use RENTOKIL Insecticidal FURNITURE CREAM and protect as you polish, 1/3 & 2/3 from local stockists.

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The Common Furniture Beetle lays 20-50 eggs in wood cracks. The grubs eat and tunnel for 2-4 years before emerging.

TIC/2

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Dependent on voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. Money is needed quickly to assist the developments now being made in the conquest of cancer. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Will you please help?

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waits on appetite,
and health on
both!"
—Macbeth.

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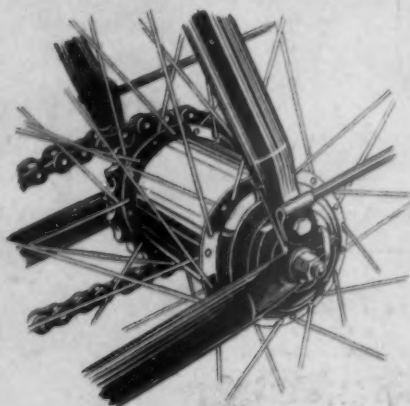
'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

25 Tablets 10s. 75 Tablets 3/-
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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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QUALITY STEELS
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course—fish,
poultry, white
meat or red
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A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

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And that's just like jute. It is everywhere yet rarely seen. Call it hessian, call it scrim; still it's jute. String, rope, sacks. The lining of your shoes and the stiffening in your jackets. All these are jute.

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Father loves his double
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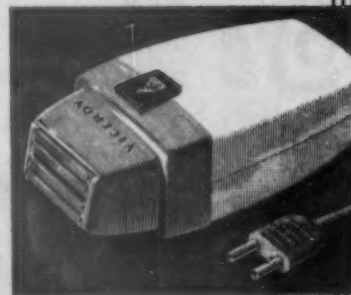


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The finest electric
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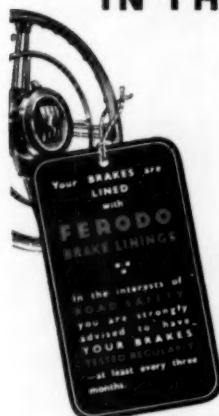


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This label PROVES
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These are the eyes of a craftsman . . . a garage fitter . . . your garage man. He's a man who's learnt his trade thoroughly, who's proud of his skill. His opinion, his judgment are valuable. And when he tells you the brakes on your car should be tested every 2,500 miles, he does so because he knows that correct adjustment will not only prolong the life of your linings—it may also prolong *your* life.

When relining eventually becomes necessary, he'll fit the linings which his judgment has convinced him are the safest, longest lasting and most reliable—Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings. Then he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel, so that you may have that extra confidence in your Ferodo lined brakes which makes motoring so much more enjoyable.

Expert advice on brakes

MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY

See your garage about

FERODO

*** ANTI-FADE Brake Linings**

*** WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?**

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